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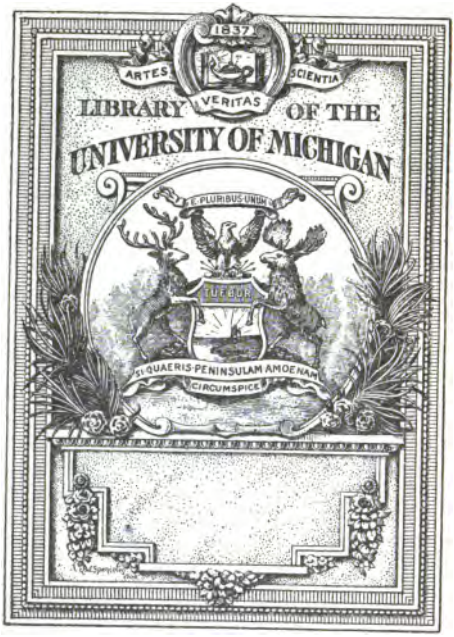
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Miscellanies

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BY

EDWARD FITZGERALD

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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1900

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PREFACE

Of the pieces which are printed in this volume most have appeared in some form before; but it has been thought that it would be interesting to many to have them brought together.

The Memoir of Bernard Barton was prefixed to a collection of his Letters and Poems published in 1849, the year of his death. This is followed by notices of his death and funeral contributed by FitzGerald to the *Ipswich Journal* at the time.

Euphranor is printed from a corrected copy of the Dialogue as modified by FitzGerald from the second edition, which to his fastidious taste was disfigured by "some over-smart writing, and some clumsy wording."

The Preface to Polonius has already been reprinted in FitzGerald's Letters and Literary Remains.

On the death of his old friend, the Rev. George Crabbe, Vicar of Bredfield and son

of the poet, FitzGerald wrote a short notice of him in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1857, where it ought to be no longer buried.

The Data for the life of Charles Lamb are frequently mentioned in FitzGerald's letters and are here printed from a copy annotated in his own hand. They do not profess to be exhaustive, and were only intended to serve as a guide to the readers of Lamb's Letters as they originally appeared. The notes in square brackets are added by myself.

The Introduction to Readings in Crabbe was the last work of FitzGerald's pen. The revise of the last proof was not received till after his death.

I ought perhaps to apologize for adding the humorous imitation of an Essay by Sir Arthur Helps, but it seemed too good to be lost on the fly-sheet of a volume in private hands.

The Occasional Verses, as I have explained, have been privately printed, and I do not feel that I need apologize for reproducing them.

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
15th July 1900.

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MEMOIR

OF

BERNARD BARTON

(*From a letter of Bernard Barton's.*)

"2 *mo*, 11, 1839.

"Thy cordial approval of my brother John's hearty wish to bring us back to the simple habits of the olden time, induces me to ask thee if I mentioned in either of my late letters the curious old papers he stumbled on in hunting through the repositories of our late excellent spinster sister? I quite forget whether I did or not; so I will not at a venture repeat all the items. But he found an inventory of the goods and chattels of our great-grandfather, John Barton of Ive-Gill, a little hamlet about five or seven miles from Carlisle; by which it seems our progenitor was one of those truly patriarchal personages, a Cumbrian statesman—living on his own little estate, and drawing from it all things needful for himself and his family. I will be bound for it my good brother was

more gratified at finding his earliest traceable ancestor such an one than if he had found him in the college of heralds with *gules purpure* and argent emblazoned as his bearings. The total amount of his stock, independent of house, land, and any money he might have, seems by the valuation to have been £61 6s., and the copy of his admission to his little estate gives the fine as £5, so that I suppose its annual value was then estimated at £2 15s. This was about a century back. Yet this man was the chief means of building the little chapel in the dale, still standing. (He was a churchman.) I doubt not he was a fine simple-hearted noble-minded yeoman, in his day, and I am very proud of him. Why did his son, my grandfather, after whom I was named, ever leave that pleasant dale, and go and set up a manufactory in Carlisle; inventing a piece of machinery[1] for which he had a medal from the Royal Society?—so says Pennant. Methinks he had better

[1] The manufactory was one of calico-printing. The "piece of machinery" is thus described by Pennant:—"Saw at Mr. Bernard Barton's a pleasing sight of twelve little girls spinning at once at a horizontal wheel, which set twelve bobbins in motion; yet so contrived, that should any accident happen to one, the motion of that might be stopped without any impediment to the others."

have abode in the old grey stone, slate-covered homestead on the banks of that pretty brooklet the Ive! But I bear his name, so I will not quarrel with his memory."

Thus far Bernard Barton traces the history of his family. And it appears that, as his grandfather's mechanical genius drew him away from the pastoral life at Ive-Gill, so his father, who was of a literary turn, reconciled himself with difficulty to the manufactory he inherited at Carlisle. "I always," he wrote, "perused a Locke, an Addison, or a Pope, with delight,[1] and ever sat down to my ledger with a sort of disgust;" and he at one time determined to quit a business in which he had been "neither successfully nor agreeably engaged," and become "a minister of some sect of religion—it will *then* be time," he says, "to determine of what sect, when I am enabled to judge of their respective merits. But this I will freely confess to you, that if there be any one of them, the tenets of which are more favourable to rational religion than the one in which I have been brought up, I shall be so far from thinking it a crime, that I cannot

[1] See an amusing account of his portrait, with his favourite books about him, painted about this time, Letter I. of this Collection.

but consider it my duty to embrace it." This, however, was written when he was very young. He never gave up business, but changed one business for another, and shifted the scene of its transaction. His religious inquiries led to a more decided result. He very soon left the Church of England, and became a member of the Society of Friends.

About the same time he married a Quaker lady, Mary Done, of a Cheshire family. She bore him several children: but only three lived to maturity; two daughters, of whom the elder, Maria, distinguished herself, afterward, as the author of many useful children's books under her married name, Hack; and one son, Bernard, the poet, who was born on January 31, 1784.

Shortly before Bernard's birth, however, John Barton had removed to London, where he engaged in something of the same business he had quitted at Carlisle, but where he probably found society and interests more suited to his taste. I do not know whether he ever acted as minister in his Society; but his name appears on one record of their most valuable endeavours. The Quakers had from the very time of George Fox distinguished themselves by their opposition to slavery: a like feeling

had gradually been growing up in other quarters of England; and in 1787 a mixed committee of twelve persons was appointed to promote the Abolition of the Slave-trade; Wilberforce engaging to second them with all his influence in parliament. Among these twelve stands the name of John Barton, in honourable companionship with that of Thomas Clarkson.

"I lost my mother," again writes B. B., "when I was only a few days old; and my father married again in my infancy so wisely and so happily, that I knew not but his second wife was my own mother, till I learned it years after at a boarding school." The name of this amiable step-mother was Elizabeth Horne; a Quaker also; daughter of a merchant, who, with his house in London and villa at Tottenham, was an object of B. B.'s earliest regard and latest recollection. "Some of my first recollections," he wrote fifty years after, "are, looking out of his parlour windows at Bankside on the busy Thames, with its ever-changing scene, and the dome of St. Paul's rising out of the smoke on the other side of the river. But my most delightful recollections of boyhood are connected with the fine old country-house in a green lane diverging from the high road which runs

through Tottenham. I would give seven years of life as it now is, for a week of that which I then led. It was a large old house, with an iron palisade and a pair of iron gates in front, and a huge stone eagle on each pier. Leading up to the steps by which you went up to the hall door, was a wide gravel walk, bordered in summer time by huge tubs, in which were orange and lemon trees, and in the centre of the grass-plot stood a tub yet huger, holding an enormous aloe. The hall itself, to my fancy then lofty and wide as a cathedral would seem now, was a famous place for battledore and shuttlecock; and behind was a garden, equal to that of old Alcinous himself. My favourite walk was one of turf by a long strait pond, bordered with lime-trees. But the whole demesne was the fairy ground of my childhood; and its presiding genius was grandpapa. He must have been a handsome man in his youth, for I remember him at nearly eighty, a very fine looking one, even in the decay of mind and body. In the morning a velvet cap; by dinner, a flaxen wig; and features always expressive of benignity and placid cheerfulness. When he walked out into the garden, his cocked hat and amber-headed cane completed his costume. To the recollection of this de-

lightful personage, I am, I think, indebted for many soothing and pleasing associations with old age."

John Barton did not live to see the only child—a son—that was born to him by this second marriage. He had some time before quitted London, and taken partnership in a malting business at Hertford, where he died, in the prime of life. After his death his widow returned to Tottenham, and there with her son and step-children continued for some time to reside.

In due time, Bernard was sent to a much-esteemed Quaker school at Ipswich: returning always to spend his holidays at Tottenham. When fourteen years old, he was apprenticed to Mr. Samuel Jesup, a shopkeeper at Halstead in Essex. "There I stood," he writes, "for eight years behind the counter of the corner shop at the top of Halstead Hill, kept to this day" (Nov. 9, 1828) "by my old master, and still worthy uncle S. Jesup."

In 1806 he went to Woodbridge; and a year after married Lucy Jesup, the niece of his former master, and entered into partnership with her brother as coal and corn merchant. But she died a year after marriage, in giving birth to the only child, who now survives them both; and he,

perhaps sickened with the scene of his blighted love,[1] and finding, like his father, that he had less taste for the ledger than

[1] The following verses were published in his first volume :—

O thou from earth for ever fled !
Whose reliques lie among the dead,
With daisied verdure overspread,
My Lucy !

For many a weary day gone by,
How many a solitary sigh
I've heaved for thee, no longer nigh,
My Lucy !

And if to grieve I cease awhile,
I look for that enchanting smile
Which all my cares could once beguile
My Lucy !

But ah ! in vain—the blameless art
Which used to soothe my troubled heart
Is lost with thee, my better part,
My Lucy !

Thy converse, innocently free,
That made the fiends of fancy flee,
Ah then I feel the want of thee,
My Lucy !

Nor is it for myself alone
That I thy early death bemoan ;
Our infant now is *all my own*,
My Lucy !

Couldst thou a guardian angel prove
To the dear offspring of our love,
Until it reach the realms above,
My Lucy !

for literature, almost directly quitted Woodbridge, and engaged himself as private tutor in the family of Mr. Waterhouse, a merchant in Liverpool. There Bernard Barton had some family connexions; and there also he was kindly received and entertained by the Roscoe family, who were old acquaintances of his father and mother.

After a year's residence in Liverpool, he returned to Woodbridge, and there became clerk in Messrs. Alexander's bank—a kind of office which secures certain, if small, remuneration, without any of the anxiety of business; and there he continued for forty years, working till within two days of his death.

Could thy angelic spirit stray,
Unseen companion of my way,
As onward drags the weary day,
My Lucy!

And when the midnight hour shall close
Mine eyes in short unsound repose,
Couldst thou but whisper off my woes,
My Lucy!

Then, though thy loss I must deplore,
Till next we meet to part no more
I'd wait the grasp that from me tore
My Lucy!

For, be my life but spent like thine,
With joy shall I that life resign,
And fly to thee, for ever mine,
My Lucy!

He had always been fond of books; was one of the most active members of a Woodbridge Book Club, which he only quitted a month or two before he died; and had written and sent to his friends occasional copies of verse. In 1812 he published his first volume of Poems, called "Metrical Effusions," and began a correspondence with Southey, who continued to give him most kind and wise advice for many years. A complimentary copy of verses which he had addressed to the author of the "Queen's Wake," (just then come into notice,) brought him long and vehement letters from the Ettrick Shepherd, full of thanks to Barton and praises of himself; and along with all this, a tragedy "that will astonish the world ten times more than the 'Queen's Wake' has done," a tragedy with so many characters in it of equal importance "that justice cannot be done it in Edinburgh," and therefore the author confidentially intrusts it to Bernard Barton to get it represented in London. Theatres, and managers of theatres, being rather out of the Quaker poet's way, he called into council Capel Lofft, with whom he also corresponded, and from whom he received flying visits in the course of Lofft's attendance at the county sessions. Lofft took the matter into consideration,

and promised all assistance, but on the whole dissuaded Hogg from trying London managers; he himself having sent them three tragedies of his own; and others by friends of "transcendent merit, equal to Miss Baillie's," all of which had fallen on barren ground.[1]

In 1818 Bernard Barton published by subscription a thin 4to volume—"Poems by an Amateur,"—and shortly afterward appeared under the auspices of a London publisher in a volume of "Poems," which, being favourably reviewed in the Edinburgh, reached a fourth edition by 1825. In 1822 came out his "Napoleon," which he managed to get dedicated and presented to George the Fourth. And now being launched upon the public with a favouring gale, he pushed forward with an eagerness that was little to his ultimate advantage. Between 1822 and 1828 he published five volumes of verse. Each of the these contained many pretty poems; but many that were very hasty,

[1] This was not B. B.'s nearest approach to theatrical honours. In 1822, (just after the Review on him in the Edinburgh,) his niece Elizabeth Hack writes to him, "Aunt Lizzy tells us, that when one of the Sharps was at Paris some little time ago, there was a party of English actors performing plays. One night he was in the theatre, and an actor of the name of Barton was announced, when the audience called out to inquire if it was the Quaker poet."

and written more as task-work, when the mind was already wearied with the desk-labours of the day;[1] not waiting for the occasion to suggest, nor the impulse to improve. Of this he was warned by his friends, and of the danger of making himself too cheap with publishers and the public. But the advice of others had little weight in the hour of success with one so inexperienced and so hopeful as himself. And there was in Bernard Barton a certain boyish impetuosity in pursuit of anything he had at heart, that age itself scarcely could subdue. Thus it was with his correspondence; and thus it was with his poetry. He wrote always with great facility, almost unretarded by that worst labour of correction; for he was not fastidious himself about exactness of thought or of harmony of numbers, and he could scarce comprehend why the public should be less easily satisfied. Or if he did labour—and labour he did at that time—still it was at task-work of a kind he liked. He loved poetry for its own sake, whether to read or to compose, and felt assured that he was employing his own

[1] The "Poetic Vigils," published in 1824, have (he says in the Preface) "at least this claim to the title given them, that they are the production of hours snatched from recreation or repose."

talent in the cause of virtue and religion,[1] and the blameless affections of men. No doubt he also liked praise; though not in any degree proportional to his eagerness in publishing; but inversely, rather. Very vain men are seldom so careless in the production of that from which they expect their reward. And Barton soon seemed to forget one book in the preparation of another; and in time to forget the contents of all, except a few pieces that arose more directly from his heart, and so naturally attached themselves to his memory. And there was in him one great sign of the absence of any inordinate vanity—the total want of envy. He was quite as anxious others should publish as himself; would never believe there could be too much poetry abroad; would scarce admit a fault in the verses of others, whether private friends or public authors, though after a while (as in his own case) his mind silently and unconsciously adopted only what was good in them. A much more likely motive for this mistaken activity of publication is, the desire to add to the slender income of his clerkship. For Bernard Barton was a

[1] The "Devotional Verses" (1827) were begun with a very serious intention, and seem written carefully throughout, as became the subject.

generous, and not a provident man; and, few and modest as were his wants, he did not usually manage to square them to the still narrower limit of his means.

But apart from all these motives, the preparation of a book was amusement and excitement to one who had little enough of it in the ordinary routine of daily life: treaties with publishers—arrangements of printing—correspondence with friends on the subject—and, when the little volume was at last afloat, watching it for a while somewhat as a boy watches a paper boat committed to the sea.

His health appears to have suffered from his exertions. He writes to friends complaining of low spirits, head-ache, etc., the usual effect of sedentary habits, late hours, and overtasked brain. Charles Lamb advises after his usual fashion: some grains of sterling available truth amid a heap of jests.[1]

[1] "You are too much apprehensive about your complaint. I know many that are always ailing of it, and live on to a good old age. I know a merry fellow (you partly know him) who, when his medical adviser told him he had drunk away all *that part*, congratulated himself (now his liver was gone) that he should be the longest liver of the two. The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can—as ignorant as the world was before Galen—of the entire inner constructions of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys (save of sheep and swine)

Southey replies more gravely, in a letter that should be read and marked by every student.

"*Keswick, 27 Jan.*, 1822.

"I am much pleased with the 'Poet's Lot' —no, not with his lot, but with the verses in which he describes it. But let me ask you—are you not pursuing your studies intemperately, and to the danger of your health? To be 'writing long after midnight' and 'with a miserable head-ache' is what no man can do with impunity; and what no pressure of business, no ardour of composition, has ever made me do. I beseech you, remember the fate of Kirke White;—and

to be an agreeable fiction; not to know whereabouts the gall grows; to account the circulation of the blood a mere idle whim of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like so many bad humours. Those medical gentry choose each his favourite part, one takes the lungs—another the aforesaid liver, and refers to that whatever in the animal economy is amiss. Above all, use exercise, take a little more spirituous liquors, learn to smoke, continue to keep a good conscience, and avoid tamperings with hard terms of art—viscosity, schirrosity, and those bugbears by which simple patients are scared into their graves. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly. It is the mind, good B. B., and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors—think how long the Lord Chancellor sits—think of the brooding hen."

remember that if you sacrifice your health (not to say your life) in the same manner, you will be held up to your own community as a warning—not as an example for imitation. The spirit which disturbed poor Scott of Amwell in his last illness will fasten upon your name; and your fate will be instanced to prove the inconsistency of your pursuits with that sobriety and evenness of mind which Quakerism requires, and is intended to produce.—

"You will take this as it is meant, I am sure.

"My friend, go early to bed;—and if you eat suppers, read afterwards, but never compose, that you may lie down with a quiet intellect. There is an intellectual as well as a religious peace of mind;—and without the former, be assured there can be no health for a poet. God bless you,

Yours very truly,

R. SOUTHEY."

Mr. Barton had even entertained an idea of quitting the bank altogether, and trusting to his pen for subsistence.—An unwise scheme in all men: most unwise in one who had so little tact with the public as himself. From this, however, he was fortunately diverted by all the friends to

whom he communicated his design.[1] Charles Lamb thus wrote to him :—

"*9th January*, 1823.

"Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support beyond what

[1] So long ago as the date of his first volume he had written to Lord Byron on the subject; who thus answered him :—

"*St. James's Street, June* 1, 1812.

"SIR,

The most satisfactory answer to the concluding part of your letter is, that Mr. Murray will re-publish your volume if you still retain your inclination for the experiment, which I trust will be successful. Some weeks ago my friend Mr. Rogers showed me some of the Stanzas in MS., and I then expressed my opinion of their merit, which a further perusal of the printed volume has given me no reason to revoke. I mention this as it may not be disagreeable to you to learn that I entertained a very favourable opinion of your power before I was aware that such sentiments were reciprocal. —Waving your obliging expressions as to my own productions, for which I thank you very sincerely, and assure you that I think not lightly of the praise of one whose approbation is valuable; will you allow me to talk to you candidly, not critically, on the subject of yours?—You will not suspect me of a wish to discourage, since I pointed out to the publisher the propriety of complying with your wishes. I think more highly of your poetical talents than it would perhaps gratify you to hear expressed, for I believe, from what I observe of your mind, that you are above flattery.—To come to the point, you deserve success; but we knew before Addison wrote his Cato, that desert does not always command it. But suppose it attained—

'You know what ills the author's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the *patron*, and the jail.'—

the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!!!

"Throw yourself rather, my dear Sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's length from them. Come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread—some repining—others enjoying the blest security of a counting-house

Do not renounce writing, but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a profession, retain it, it will be like Prior's fellowship, a last and sure resource.—Compare Mr. Rogers with other authors of the day; assuredly he is among the first of living poets, but is it to that he owes his station in society and his intimacy in the best circles? no, it is to his prudence and respectability. The world (a bad one I own) courts him because he has no occasion to court it.—He is a poet, nor is he less so because he was something more.—I am not sorry to hear that you are not tempted by the vicinity of Capel Lofft, Esq., though if he had done for you what he has for the Bloomfields I should never have laughed at his rage for patronizing.—But a truly well constituted mind will ever be independent.—That you may be so is my sincere wish; and if others think as well of your poetry as I do, you will have no cause to complain of your readers.—Believe me,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

BYRON.'

—all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers,—what not?—rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. You know not what a rapacious, dishonest set these booksellers are. Ask even Southey, who (a single case almost) has made a fortune by book-drudgery, what he has found them. O you know not, may you never know! the miseries of subsisting by authorship! 'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller's dependant, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task-work. The booksellers hate us. The reason I take to be, that, contrary to other trades, in which the master gets all the credit, (a jeweller or silversmith for instance,) and the journeyman, who really does the fine work, is in the background: in *our* work the world gives all the credit to *us*, whom *they* consider as *their* journeymen, and therefore do they hate us, and cheat us, and oppress us, and would wring the blood of us out, to put another sixpence in their mechanic pouches.

. . . . . .

"Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public: you may hang, starve, drown yourself for any thing that worthy personage cares. I bless every star that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the banking office: what! is there not from six to eleven, P.M., six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. O the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight, who must draw upon it for daily sustenance! Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment—look upon them as lovers' quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of a desk that gives me life. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our close but unharassing way of life. I am quite serious.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB."

In 1824, however, his income received a

handsome addition from another quarter. A few members of his Society, including some of the wealthier of his own family, raised £1200 among them for his benefit. Mr. Shewell of Ipswich, who was one of the main contributors to this fund, writes to me that the scheme originated with Joseph John Gurney:—"one of those innumerable acts of kindness and beneficence which marked his character, and the *measure* of which will never be known upon the earth." Nor was the measure of it known in this instance; for of the large sum that he handed in as the subscription of several, Mr. Shewell thinks he was "a larger donor than he chose to acknowledge." The money thus raised was vested in the name of Mr. Shewell, and its yearly interest paid to Bernard Barton; till, in 1839, the greater part of it was laid out in buying that old house and the land round it, which Mr. Barton so much loved as the habitation of his wife's mother, Martha Jesup.

It seems that he felt some delicacy at first in accepting this munificent testimony which his own people offered to his talents. But here again Lamb assisted him with plain, sincere, and wise advice.

"*March 24th*, 1824.

"DEAR B. B.,

I hasten to say that if my opinion can

strengthen you in your choice it is decisive for your acceptance of what has been so handsomely offered. I can see nothing injurious to your most honourable sense. Think that you are called to a poetical ministry—nothing worse—the minister is worthy of his hire.

"The only objection I feel is founded on a fear that the acceptance may be a temptation to you to let fall the bone (hard as it is) which is in your mouth, and must afford tolerable pickings, for the shadow of independence. You cannot propose to become independent on what the low state of interest could afford you from such a principal as you mention; and the most graceful excuse for the acceptance would be, that it left you free to your voluntary functions: that is the less *light* part of the scruple. It has no darker shade. I put in *darker*, because of the ambiguity of the word light, which Donne, in his admirable poem on the Metempsychosis, has so ingeniously illustrated in his invocation—

'Make my *dark heavy* poem *light* and *light*—'

where the two senses of *light* are opposed to different opposites. A trifling criticism.—I can see no reason for any scruple then but what arises from your own interest; which is in your own power, of course, to solve. If you still have doubts, read over Sanderson's

'Cases of Conscience,' and Jeremy Taylor's 'Ductor Dubitantium;' the first a moderate octavo, the latter a folio of nine hundred close pages: and when you have thoroughly digested the admirable reasons *pro* and *con* which they give for every possible case, you will be—just as wise as when you began. Every man is his own best casuist; and, after all, as Ephraim Smooth, in the pleasant comedy of Wild Oats, has it, 'There is no harm in a guinea.' *A fortiori*, there is less in two thousand.

"I therefore most sincerely congratulate with you, excepting so far as excepted above. If you have fair prospects of adding to the principal, cut the bank; but in either case, do not refuse an honest service. Your heart tells you it is not offered to bribe you *from* any duty, but *to* a duty which you feel to be your vocation.

Farewell heartily,

C. L."

While Mr. Barton had been busy publishing, his correspondence with literary people had greatly increased. The drawers and boxes which at last received the overflowings of his capacious Quaker pockets, (and he scarcely ever destroyed a letter,) contain a multitude of letters from literary people,

dead or living. Beside those from Southey and Lamb, there are many from Charles Lloyd—simple, noble, and kind, telling of his many Poems — of a Romance in six volumes he was then copying out with his own hand for the seventh time;—from old Lloyd, the father, into whose hands Barton's letters occasionally fell by mistake, telling of his son's many books, but "that it is easier to write them than to gain numerous readers;" —from old Mr. Plumptre, who mourns the insensibility of publishers to his castigated editions of Gay and Dibdin—leaving one letter midway, to go to his "spring task of pruning the gooseberries and currants." There are also girlish letters from L. E. L.; and feminine ones from Mrs. Hemans. Of living authors there are many letters from Mitford, Bowring, Conder, Mrs. Opie, C. B. Tayler, the Howitts, etc.

Owing to Mr. Barton's circumstances, his connexion with most of these persons was solely by letter. He went indeed occasionally to Hadleigh, where Dr. Drake then flourished, and Mr. Tayler was curate;—to Mr. Mitford's at Benhall;—[1] and he visited

[1] Here is one of the notes that used to call B. B. to Benhall in those days.

"*Benhall*, 1820.

"MY DEAR POET,

We got your note to-day. We are at home and

Charles Lamb once or twice in London and at Islington. He once also met Southey at Thomas Clarkson's at Playford, in the spring of 1824. But the rest of the persons whose letters I have just mentioned, I believe he never saw. And thus perhaps he acquired a habit of writing that supplied the place of personal intercourse. Confined to a town where there was but little stirring in the literary way, he naturally travelled out of it by letter, for communication on those matters; and this habit gradually extended itself to acquaintances not literary, whom he seemed as happy to converse with by letter as face to face. His correspondence with Mr. Clemesha arose out of their meeting

shall be glad to see you, but hope you will not swim here; in other words, we think it better that you should wait, till we can seat you under a chestnut and listen to your oracular sayings. We hope that, like your sister of the woods, you are in full song; she does not print, I think; we hope you do; seeing that you beat her in sense, though she has a little the advantage in melody. Together you will make a pretty duet in our groves. You have both your defects; she devours glow-worms, you take snuff; she is in a great hurry to go away, and you are prodigious slow in arriving; she sings at night, when nobody can hear her, and you write for Ackermann, which nobody thinks of reading. In spite of all this, you will get a hundred a year from the king, and settle at Woodbridge; in another month, she will find no more flies, and set off for Egypt.

Truly yours,

J. M."

once, and once only, by chance in the commercial room of an inn. And with Mrs. Sutton, who, beside other matters of interest, could tell him about the "North Countrie," from which his ancestors came, and which he always loved in fancy, (for he never saw it,)—he kept up a correspondence of nearly thirty years, though he and she never met to give form and substance to their visionary conceptions of one another.

From the year 1828, his books, as well as his correspondence with those "whose talk was of" books, declined; and soon after this he seemed to settle down contentedly into that quiet course of life in which he continued to the end. His literary talents, social amiability, and blameless character made him respected, liked, and courted among his neighbours. Few, high or low, but were glad to see him at his customary place in the bank, from which he smiled a kindly greeting, or came down with friendly open hand, and some frank words of family inquiry—perhaps with the offer of a pinch from his never-failing snuff-box—or the withdrawal of the visitor, if more intimate, to see some letter or copy of verses, just received or just composed, or some picture just purchased. Few, high or low, but were glad to have him at their tables; where he

was equally pleasant and equally pleased, whether with the fine folks at the Hall, or with the homely company at the Farm; carrying every where indifferently the same good feeling, good spirits, and good manners; and by a happy frankness of nature, that did not too precisely measure its utterance on such occasions, checkering the conventional gentility of the drawing-room with some humours of humbler life, which in turn he refined with a little sprinkling of literature.—Now too, after having long lived in a house that was just big enough to sit and sleep in, while he was obliged to board with the ladies of a Quaker school over the way,[1] he obtained a convenient house of his own, where he got his books and pictures about him. But, more than all this, his daughter was now grown up to be his housekeeper and companion. And amiable as Bernard Barton was in social life, his amiability in this little *tête-à-tête* household of his was yet a fairer thing to behold; so completely was all authority absorbed into confidence, and into love—

[1] Where he writes a letter one day, but he knows not if intelligibly; "for all hands are busy round me to clap, to starch, to iron, to plait—in plain English, 'tis washing-day; and I am now writing close to a table in which is a bason of starch, caps, kerchiefs, etc., and busy hands and tongues round it."

> "A constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
> Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
> That humour interposed too often makes,"

but gliding on uninterruptedly for twenty years, until death concealed its current from all human witness.

In earlier life Bernard Barton had been a fair pedestrian; and was fond of walking over to the house of his friend Arthur Biddell at Playford. There, beside the instructive and agreeable society of his host and hostess, he used to meet George Airy, now Astronomer Royal, then a lad of wonderful promise; with whom he had many a discussion about poetry, and Sir Walter's last new novel, a volume of which perhaps the poet had brought in his pocket. Mr. Biddell, at one time, lent him a horse to expedite his journeys to and fro, and to refresh him with some wholesome change of exercise. But of that Barton soon tired. He gradually got to dislike exercise very much; and no doubt greatly injured his health by its disuse. But it was not to be wondered at, that having spent the day in the uncongenial task of "figure-work," as he called it, he should covet his evenings for books, or verses, or social intercourse. It was very difficult to get him out even for a stroll in the garden after dinner, or along

the banks of his favourite Deben on a summer evening. He would, after going a little way, with much humorous grumbling at the useless fatigue he was put to endure, stop short of a sudden, and, sitting down in the long grass by the river-side, watch the tide run past, and the well-known vessels gliding into harbour, or dropping down to pursue their voyage under the stars at sea, until his companions, returning from their prolonged walk, drew him to his feet again, to saunter homeward far more willingly than he set forth, with the prospect of the easy chair, the book, and the cheerful supper before him.

His excursions rarely extended beyond a few miles round Woodbridge—to the vale of Dedham, Constable's birth-place and painting-room; or to the neighbouring sea-coast, loved for its own sake—and few could love the sea and the heaths beside it better than he did—but doubly dear to him from its association with the memory and poetry of Crabbe. Once or twice he went as far as Hampshire on a visit to his brother; and once he visited Mr. W. B. Donne, at Mattishall, in Norfolk, where he saw many portraits and mementoes of his favourite poet Cowper, Mr. Donne's kinsman. That which most interested him there was

Mrs. Bodham, ninety years old, and almost blind, but with all the courtesy of the old school about her—once the "Rose" whom Cowper had played with at Catfield parsonage when both were children together, and whom until 1790, when she revived their acquaintance by sending him his mother's picture, he had thought "withered and fallen from the stalk." Such little excursions it might be absurd to record of other men; but they were some of the few that Bernard Barton could take, and from their rare occurrence, and the simplicity of his nature, they made a strong impression upon him.

He still continued to write verses, as well on private occasions as for annuals; and in 1836 published another volume, chiefly composed of such fragments. In 1845 came out his last volume; which he got permission to dedicate to the Queen. He sent also a copy of it to Sir Robert Peel, then prime minister, with whom he had already corresponded slightly on the subject of the income tax, which Mr. Barton thought pressed rather unduly on clerks, and others, whose narrow income was only for life. Sir Robert asked him to dinner at Whitehall.—"Twenty years ago," writes Barton, "such a summons had elated and exhilarated me—now I feel humbled and depressed at it.

Why?—but that I verge on the period when the lighting down of the grasshopper is a burden, and desire itself begins to fail."—He went, however, and was sincerely pleased with the courtesy, and astonished at the social ease, of a man who had so many and so heavy cares on his shoulders. When the Quaker poet was first ushered into the room, there were but three guests assembled, of whom he little expected to know one. But the mutual exclamations of "George Airy!" and "Bernard Barton!" soon satisfied Sir Robert as to his country guest's feeling at home at the great town dinner.

On leaving office a year after, Sir Robert recommended him to the queen for an annual pension of £100:—one of the last acts, as the retiring minister intimated, of his official career, and one he should always reflect on with pleasure.—B. Barton gratefully accepted the boon. And to the very close of life he continued, after his fashion, to send letters and occasional poems to Sir Robert, and to receive a few kind words in reply.

In 1844 died Bernard's eldest sister, Maria Hack. She was five or six years older than himself; very like him in the face; and had been his instructress ("a sort of oracle to me," he says) when both were

children. "It is a heavy blow to me," he writes, "for Maria is almost the first human being I remember to have fondly loved, or been fondly loved by — the only living participant in my first and earliest recollections. When I lose her, I had almost as well never have been a child; for she only knew me as such—and the best and brightest of memories are apt to grow dim when they can be no more reflected." "She was just older enough than I," he elsewhere says, "to recollect distinctly what I have a confused glimmering of—about our house at Hertford—even of hers at Carlisle."

Mr. Barton had for many years been an *ailing* man, though he never was, I believe, *dangerously* ill (as it is called) till the last year of his life. He took very little care of himself; laughed at all rules of diet, except temperance; and had for nearly forty years, as he said, "taken almost as little exercise as a mile-stone, and far less fresh air." Some years before his death he had been warned of a liability to disease in the heart, an intimation he did not regard, as he never felt pain in that region. Nor did he to that refer the increased distress he began to feel in exertion of any kind, walking fast or going up-stairs, a distress which he looked upon as the disease of old age, and which

he used to give vent to in half-humorous groans, that seemed to many of his friends rather expressive of his dislike to exercise, than implying any serious inconvenience from it. But probably the disease that partly arose from inactivity now became the true apology for it. During the last year of his life, too, some loss of his little fortune, and some perplexity in his affairs, not so distressing because of any present inconvenience to himself, as in the prospect of future evil to one whom he loved as himself, may have increased the disease within him, and hastened its final blow.

Towards the end of 1848 the evil symptoms increased much upon him; and, shortly after Christmas, it was found that the disease was far advanced. He consented to have his diet regulated; protesting humorously against the small glass of small beer allowed him in place of the temperate allowance of generous port, or ale, to which he was accustomed. He fulfilled his daily duty in the bank,[1] only remitting (as he was peremptorily bid) his attendance there after his four o'clock dinner.[2] And though not able

[1] He had written of himself, some years before, "I shall go on making figures till Death makes me a cipher."

[2] For which he half accused himself as "*a skulker.*" And of late years, when the day account of the bank

to go out to his friends, he was glad to see them at his own house to the last.

Here is a letter, written a few days before his death, to one of his kindest and most hospitable friends.

"2 *mo*, 14, 1849.

"My dear old Friend—Thy home-brewed has been duly received, and I drank a glass yesterday with relish, but I must not indulge too often—for I make slow way, if any, toward recovery, and at times go on puffing, panting, groaning, and making a variety of noises, not unlike a loco-motive at first starting; more to give vent to my own discomfort, than for the delectation of those around me. So I am not fit to go into company, and cannot guess when I shall. However, I am free from much acute suffering, and not so much hypp'd as

had not come quite right by the usual hour of closing, and it seemed necessary to carry on business late into the evening, he would sometimes come up wearied to his room, saying—"Well, we've got all right but a shilling, and I've left my boys" (as he called the younger clerks) "to puzzle that out." But even then he would get up from "Rob Roy" or the "Antiquary," every now and then, and go to peep through the curtain of a window that opens upon the back of the bank, and, if he saw the great gas-lamp flaming within, announce with a half comical sympathy, that "they were still at it;" or, when the lamp was at last extinguished, would return to his chair more happily, now that his partners were liberated.

might be forgiven in a man who has such trouble about his breathing that it naturally puts him on thinking how long he may be able to breathe at all. But if the hairs of one's head are numbered, so, by a parity of reasoning, are the puffs of our bellows. I write not in levity, though I use homely words. I do not think J—— sees any present cause of serious alarm, but I do not think he sees, on the other hand, much prospect of speedy recovery, if of entire recovery at all. The thing has been coming on for years; and cannot be cured at once, if at all. A man can't poke over desk or table for forty years without putting some of the machinery of the chest out of sorts. As the evenings get warm and light we shall see what gentle exercise and a little fresh air can do. In the last few days too I have been in solicitude about a little pet niece of mine dying, if not dead, at York: this has somewhat worried me, and agitation or excitement is as bad for me as work or quickness of motion. Yet, after all, I have really more to be thankful for than to grumble about. I have no very acute pain, a skeely doctor, a good nurse, kind solicitous friends, a remission of the worst part of my desk hours—so why should I fret? Love to the younkers. Thine, B."

On Monday, February 19, he was unable to get into the bank, having passed a very unquiet night — the first night of distress, he thankfully said, that his illness had caused him. He suffered during the day; but welcomed as usual the friends who came to see him as he lay on his sofa; and wrote a few *notes*—for his correspondence must now, as he had humorously lamented, become as short-breathed as himself. In the evening, at half-past eight, as he was yet conversing cheerfully with a friend, he rose up, went to his bed-room, and suddenly rang the bell. He was found by his daughter—dying. Assistance was sent for; but all assistance was vain. "In a few minutes more," says the note despatched from the house of death that night, "all distress was over on *his* part—and that warm kind heart is still for ever."

The Letters and Poems that follow are very faithful revelations of Bernard Barton's soul; of the genuine piety to God, good-will to men, and cheerful guileless spirit, which animated him, not only while writing in the undisturbed seclusion of the closet, but (what is a very different matter) through the walk and practice of daily life. They

prove also his intimate acquaintance with the Bible, and his deep appreciation of many beautiful passages which might escape a common reader.

The Letters show, that while he had well considered, and well approved, the pure principles of Quakerism, he was equally liberal in his recognition of other forms of Christianity. He could attend the *church*, or the *chapel*, if the *meeting* were not at hand; and once assisted in raising money to build a new *Established Church* in Woodbridge. And while he was sometimes roused to defend Dissent from the vulgar attacks of High Church and Tory,[1] he could also give the bishops a good word when they were unjustly assailed.

[1] Here are two little Epigrams showing that the quiet Quaker *could* strike, though he was seldom provoked to do so.

DR. E——.

"A bullying, brawling champion of the Church;
Vain as a parrot screaming on her perch;
And, like that parrot, screaming out by rote
The same stale, flat, unprofitable note;
Still interrupting all discreet debate
With one eternal cry of 'Church and State!'—
With all the High Tory's ignorance, increased
By all the arrogance that marks the priest;
One who declares upon his solemn word,
The voluntary system is absurd:
He well may say so;—for 'twere hard to tell
Who would support him, did not law compel."

While duly conforming to the usages of his Society on all proper occasions, he could forget *thee* and *thou* while mixing in social intercourse with people of another vocabulary, and smile at the Reviewer who reproved him for using the heathen name *November* in his Poems. "I find," he said, "these names of the months the prescriptive dialect of *poetry*, used as such by many members of our Society before me—'sans peur et sans reproche;' and I use them accordingly, asking no questions for conscience' sake, as to their origin. Yet while I do this, I can give my cordial tribute of approval to the scruples of our early friends, who advocate a simpler nomenclature. I can quite understand and respect their simplicity and godly sincerity; and I conceive that I have duly shown my reverence for their scruples in adhering *personally* to their dialect, and

On one who declared in a public speech—"This was the opinion he had formed of the Dissenters; he only saw in them wolves in sheep's clothing."

"'Wolves in sheep's clothing!' bitter words and big;
But who applies them? first *the speaker* scan;
A suckling Tory! an apostate Whig!
Indeed, a very silly, weak young man!

What such an one may either think or say,
With sober people matters not one pin;
In *their* opinion, his own senseless bray
Proves *him* the ASS WRAPT IN A LION'S SKIN."

only using another *poetically*. Ask the British Friend the name of the planet with a belt round it, and he would say, Saturn; at the peril, and on the pain, of excommunication."

As to his politics, he always used to call himself, "a Whig of the old school." Perhaps, like most men in easy circumstances, he grew more averse to change as he grew older. He thus writes to a friend in 1845, during the heats occasioned by the proposed Repeal of the Corn Laws:—"Queer times these, and strange events. I feel most shamefully indifferent about the whole affair; but my political fever has long since spent itself. It was about its height when they sent Burdett to the Tower. It has cooled down wonderfully since then. He went there, to the best of my recollection, in the character of Burns's Sir William Wallace—

"Great patriot hero—ill-requited chief;'—

and dwindled down afterwards to 'Old Glory.' No more patriots for me." But Bernard Barton did not trouble himself much about politics. He occasionally grew interested when the interests of those he loved were at stake; and his affections generally guided his judgment. Hence he was always against a Repeal of the Corn

Laws, because he loved Suffolk farmers, Suffolk labourers, and Suffolk fields. Occasionally he took part in the election of a friend to Parliament—writing in prose or verse in the county papers. And here also, though he more willingly sided with the Liberal interest, he would put out a hand to help the good old Tory at a pinch.

He was equally tolerant of men, and free of acquaintance. So long as men were honest, (and he was slow to suspect them to be otherwise,) and reasonably agreeable, (and he was easily pleased,) he could find company in them. "My temperament," he writes, "is, as far as a man can judge of himself, eminently social. I am wont to live out of myself, and to cling to anything or anybody loveable within my reach." I have before said that he was equally welcome and equally at ease, whether at the Hall or at the Farm; himself indifferent to rank, though he gave every one his title, not wondering even at those of his own community, who, unmindful perhaps of the military implication, owned to the soft impeachment of *Esquire*. But no where was he more amiable than in some of those humbler meetings—about the fire in the *keeping-room* at Christmas, or under the walnut-tree in summer. He had his cheerful

remembrances with the old; a playful word for the young — especially with children, whom he loved and was loved by.—Or, on some summer afternoon, perhaps, at the little inn on the heath, or by the river-side—or when, after a pleasant pic-nic on the sea-shore, we drifted homeward up the river, while the breeze died away at sunset, and the heron, at last startled by our gliding boat, slowly rose from the ooze over which the tide was momentarily encroaching.

By nature, as well as by discipline perhaps, he had a great dislike to most violent occasions of feeling and manifestations of it, whether in real life or story. Many years ago he entreated the author of "May you like it," who had written some tales of powerful interest, to write others "where the appeals to one's feelings were perhaps less frequent — I mean one's sympathetic feelings with suffering virtue—and the more pleasurable emotions called forth by the spectacle of quiet, unobtrusive, domestic happiness more dwelt on." And when Mr. Tayler had long neglected to answer a letter, Barton humorously proposed to rob him on the highway, in hopes of recovering an interest by crime which he supposed every-day good conduct had lost. Even in Walter Scott, his great favourite, he seemed

to relish the humorous parts more than the pathetic;—Bailie Nicol Jarvie's dilemmas at Glennaquoich, rather than Fergus Mac Ivor's trial; and Oldbuck and his sister Grizel rather than the scenes at the fisherman's cottage. Indeed, many, I dare say, of those who only know Barton by his poetry, will be surprised to hear how much humour he had in himself, and how much he relished it in others. Especially, perhaps, in later life, when men have commonly had quite enough of "domestic tragedy," and are glad to laugh when they can.

With little critical knowledge of pictures, he was very fond of them, especially such as represented scenery familiar to him—the shady lane, the heath, the corn-field, the village, the sea-shore. And he loved after coming away from the bank to sit in his room and watch the twilight steal over his landscapes as over the real face of nature, and then lit up again by fire or candle light. Nor could any itinerant picture-dealer pass Mr. Barton's door without calling to tempt him to a new purchase. And then was B. B. to be seen, just come up from the bank, with broad-brim and spectacles on, examining some picture set before him on a chair in the most advantageous light; the dealer recommending, and Barton wavering,

until partly by money, and partly by exchange of some older favourites, with perhaps a snuff-box thrown in to turn the scale; a bargain was concluded—generally to B. B.'s great disadvantage and great content. Then friends were called in to admire; and letters written to describe; and the picture taken up to his bed-room to be seen by candle light on going to bed, and by the morning sun on awaking; then hung up in the best place in the best room; till in time perhaps it was itself exchanged away for some newer favourite.

He was not learned—in language, science, or philosophy. Nor did he care for the loftiest kinds of poetry—"the heroics," as he called it. His favourite authors were those that dealt most in humour, good sense, domestic feeling, and pastoral description—Goldsmith, Cowper, Wordsworth in his lowlier moods, and Crabbe. One of his favourite prose books was Boswell's Johnson; of which he knew all the good things by heart, an inexhaustible store for a country dinner-table.[1] And many will long remember him as he used to sit at table, his snuff-box in his hand, and a glass of genial wine before

[1] He used to look with some admiration at an ancient fellow-townsman, who, beside a rich fund of Suffolk stories vested in him, had once seen Dr. Johnson alight from a hackney-coach at the Mitre.

him, repeating some favourite passage, and glancing his fine brown eyes about him as he recited.

But perhaps his favourite prose book was Scott's Novels. These he seemed never tired of reading, and hearing read. During the last four or five winters I have gone through several of the best of these with him—generally on one night in each week—Saturday night, that left him free to the prospect of Sunday's relaxation. Then was the volume taken down impatiently from the shelf almost before tea was over; and at last, when the room was clear, candles snuffed, and fire stirred, he would read out, or listen to, those fine stories, anticipating with a glance, or an impatient ejaculation of pleasure, the good things he knew were coming—which he liked all the better for knowing they were coming—relishing them afresh in the fresh enjoyment of his companion, to whom they were less familiar; until the modest supper coming in closed the book, and recalled him to his cheerful hospitality.

Of the literary merits of this volume, others, less biassed than myself by personal and local regards, will better judge. But the Editor, to whom, as well as the Memoir, the task of making any observations of this kind

usually falls, has desired me to say a few words on the subject.

The Letters, judging from internal evidence as well as from all personal knowledge of the author's habits, were for the most part written off with the same careless ingenuousness that characterized his conversation. "I have no alternative," he said, "between not writing at all, and writing what first comes into my head." In both cases the same cause seems to me to produce the same agreeable effect.

The Letters on graver subjects are doubtless the result of graver "foregone conclusion,"—but equally spontaneous in point of utterance, without any effort at style whatever.

If the Letters here published are better than the mass of those they are selected from, it is because better topics happened to present themselves to one who, though he wrote so much, had perhaps as little of new or animating to write about as most men.

The Poems, if not written off as easily as the Letters, were probably as little elaborated as any that ever were published. Without claiming for them the highest attributes of poetry, (which the author never pretended to,) we may surely say they abound in genuine feeling and elegant fancy expressed in easy, and often very felicitous, verse. These

qualities employed in illustrating the religious and domestic affections, and the pastoral scenery with which such affections are perhaps most generally associated, have made Bernard Barton, as he desired to be, a household poet with a large class of readers —a class, who, as they may be supposed to welcome such poetry as being the articulate voice of those good feelings yearning in their own bosoms, one may hope will continue and increase in England.

While in many of these Poems it is the spirit within that redeems an imperfect form —just as it lights up the irregular features of a face into beauty—there are many which will surely abide the test of severer criticism. Such are several of the Sonnets; which, if they have not (and they do not aim at) the power and grandeur, are also free from the pedantic stiffness of so many English Sonnets. Surely that one "To my Daughter," is very beautiful in all respects.

Some of the lighter pieces—"To Joanna," "To a young Housewife," etc., partake much of Cowper's playful grace. And some on the decline of life, and the religious consolations attending it, are very touching.

Charles Lamb said the verses "To the Memory of Bloomfield" were "sweet with Doric delicacy." May not one say the same

of those "On Leiston Abbey," "Cowper's Rural Walks," on "Some Pictures," and others of the shorter descriptive pieces? Indeed, utterly incongruous as at first may seem the Quaker clerk and the ancient Greek Idyllist, some of these little poems recall to me the inscriptions in the Greek Anthology —not in any particular passages, but in their general air of simplicity, leisurely elegance, and quiet unimpassioned pensiveness.

Finally, what Southey said of *one* of Barton's volumes—"there are many rich passages and frequent felicity of expression"—may modestly be said of these selections from ten. Not only is the fundamental thought of many of them very beautiful—as in the poems, "To a Friend in Distress," "The Deserted Nest," "Thought in a Garden," etc., — but there are many verses whose melody will linger in the ear, and many images that will abide in the memory. Such surely are those of men's hearts brightening up at Christmas "like a fire new stirred,"—of the stream that leaps along over the pebbles "like happy hearts by holiday made light,"— of the solitary tomb showing from afar like a lamb in the meadow. And in the poem called "A Dream,"—a dream the poet really had,—how beautiful is that chorus of the friends of her youth who surround the central

vision of his departed wife, and who, much as the dreamer wonders they do not see she is a spirit, and silent as she remains to their greetings, still with countenances of "blameless mirth," like some of Correggio's angel attendants, press around her without awe or hesitation, repeating "welcome, welcome!" as to one suddenly returned to them from some earthly absence only, and not from beyond the dead—from heaven.

E. F. G.

DEATH OF BERNARD BARTON

(FROM "Ipswich Journal," Feb. 24th 1849)

AT Woodbridge, on the night of Monday last, February the 19th, between the hours of eight and nine, after a brief spasm in the heart, died Bernard Barton. He was born near London in 1784, came to Woodbridge in 1806, where he shortly after married and was left a widower at the birth of his only child, who now survives him. In 1810 he entered as clerk in Messrs. Alexander's Bank, where he officiated almost to the day of his death. He had been for some months afflicted with laborious breathing which his doctor knew to proceed from disease in the heart, though there seemed no reason to apprehend immediate danger. But those who have most reason to lament his loss, have also most reason to be thankful that he was spared a long illness of anguish and

suspense, by so sudden and easy a dismissal.

To the world at large Bernard Barton was known as the author of much pleasing, amiable, and pious poetry, animated by feeling and fancy, delighting in homely subjects, so generally pleasing to English people. He sang of what he loved—the domestic virtues in man, and the quiet pastoral scenes of Nature—and especially of his own county—its woods, and fields, and lanes, and homesteads, and the old sea that washed its shores; and the nearer to his own home the better he loved it. There was a true and pure vein of pastoral feeling in him. Thousands have read his books with innocent pleasure; none will ever take them up and be the worse for doing so. The first of these volumes was published in 1811.

To those of his own neighbourhood he was known beside as a most amiable, genial, charitable man—of pure, unaffected, unpretending piety—the good neighbour—the cheerful companion—the welcome guest—a hospitable host—tolerant of all men, sincerely attached to many. Few, high or low, but were glad to see him at his customary place in the bank; to exchange some words of kindly greeting with him—few but were glad

to have him at their own homes; and there he was the same man and had the same manners to all; always equally frank, genial, and communicative, without distinction of rank. He had all George Fox's "better part"—thorough independence of rank, titles, wealth, and all the distinctions of haberdashery, without making any needless display of such independence. He could dine with Sir Robert Peel one day, and the next day sup off bread and cheese with equal relish at a farmhouse, and relate with equal enjoyment at the one place what he had heard and seen at the other.

He was indeed as free from vanity as any man, in spite of the attention which his books drew towards him. If he liked to write, and recite, and print his own occasional verses, it was simply that he himself was interested in them at the time—interested in the subject—in the composition, and amused with the very printing; but he was equally amused with anything his friends had said or written—repeating it everywhere with almost disproportionate relish. And this surely is not a usual mark of vanity. Indeed, had he had more vanity, he would have written much less instead of so much, would have altered, and polished, and condensed. Whereas it was all first impulse

with him; he would never correct his own verses, though he was perfectly ready to let his friends alter what they chose in them—nay, ask them to do so, so long as he was not called on to assist.

It was the same with his correspondence, which was one great amusement of his later years. He wrote off as he thought and felt, never pausing to turn a sentence, or to point one; and he was quite content to receive an equally careless reply, so long as it came. He was content with a poem so long as it was good in the main, without minding those smaller beauties which go to make up perfection—content with a letter that told of health and goodwill, with very little other news—and content with a friend who had the average virtues and accomplishments of men, without being the faultless monster which the world never saw, but so many are half their lives looking for.

It was the same with his conversation. He never dressed himself for it, whatever company he was going into. He would quote his favourite poems in a farmhouse, and tell his humorous Suffolk stories in the genteelest drawing-room—what came into his head at the impulse of the moment came from his tongue; a thing not in general commendable, but wholly pleasant

and harmless in one so innocent, so kind, and so agreeable as himself.

He was excellent company in all companies; but in none more than in homely parties, in or out of doors, over the winter's fire in the farmhouse, or under the tree in summer. He had a cheery word for all; a challenge to good fellowship with the old—a jest with the young—enjoying all, and making all enjoyable and joyous. Many hereabout will long look to that place in their rooms where this good, amiable, and pleasant man used to sit, and spread good-humour around him. Nor can the present writer forget the last out-of-door party he enjoyed with this most amiable man; it was in last June, down his favourite river Deben to the sea. Though far from well, when once on board, he would be cheerful; was as lively and hearty as any at the little inn at which we disembarked to refresh ourselves; and had a word of cheery salute for every boat or vessel that passed or met us as we drifted home again with a dying breeze at close of evening.

He was not learned, in languages, or in science of any kind. Even the loftier poetry of our own country he did not much affect. He loved the masters of the homely, the pathetic, and the humorous—Crabbe,

Cowper, and Goldsmith—for it may surprise many readers of his poems that he had as great relish for humour—good-humoured humour—as any man. And few of his friends will forget him as he used to sit at table, his snuff-box in hand, and a glass of genial wine before him as he repeated some humorous passage from one of his favourites, glancing his fine brown eyes around the company as he recited. Amongst prose works, his great favourite was Sir Walter Scott—him he was never tired of reading. He would not allow that one novel was bad, and the best were to him the best of all books. For the last four winters, the present writer has gone through several of these masterpieces with him—generally one night in the week was so employed—Saturday night, which left him free to the prospect of the Sunday's relaxation. Then was the volume taken down impatiently from the shelf, almost before tea was over; and at last when all was ready, candle snuffed, and fire stirred, he would read out, or listen to, those fine stories, one after another, anticipating with a smile, or a glance, the pathetic or humorous turns that were coming—that he relished all the more because he knew they were coming—enjoying all as much the twentieth time of reading as he had done at

the first—till supper coming in, closed the book, and recalled him to his genial hospitality, which knew no limit. It was only on Friday last we finished the "Heart of Midlothian," which he enjoyed, however ill at ease; on Sunday he wanted to know when we should (begin another novel), and on Monday night, after a little mortal agony (to use the words of one who loved him best, and by him was best beloved of all the world), that warm kind heart was still for ever.

It would not be fitting to record in a public paper the domestic virtues of a private man, but Bernard Barton was a public man; and the public is pleased, or should be pleased, to know that a writer really is as amiable as his books pretend. No common case, especially in the poetic line, where the very sensibilities that constitute poetic feeling are most apt to revolt at the little rubs of common life. Scarce a year has elapsed since the death of one of his oldest and dearest friends—Major Moor—whose praise he justly celebrated in verse. Major Moor was also as well known to the public by his books, as much beloved by a large circle of friends. These two men were, perhaps, of equal abilities, though of a different kind; their virtues equal and the

same. Long does the memory of such men haunt the places of their mortal abode; stirring within us, perhaps, at the close of many a day, as the sun sets over the scenes with which they were so long associated. It is surely not improper to endeavour to record something to the honour of such men in their own neighbourhoods. Nay, should we not, if we could, make their histories as public as possible, for surely none could honour them without loving them, and, perhaps, unconsciously striving to follow in their footsteps.

FROM THE *Ipswich Journal*, March 3, 1849

WOODBRIDGE

FUNERAL OF BERNARD BARTON. — On Monday Feb. 26, the mortal remains of Bernard Barton were committed to the earth. A long train of members of the Society to which he belonged, and of old friends and fellow-townsmen, waited to follow him from the door from which he had so often been seen to issue alive and welcome to all eyes. Thus attended, the coffin was borne up the street to the cemetery of the Friends' Meeting-house; and there, surrounded by the grave and decent Brotherhood, and amid the affecting silence of their ceremonial, broken but once by the warning voice of one reverent elder, was lowered down into its final resting-place.

Lay him gently in the ground,
The good, the genial, and the wise;
While Spring blows forward in the skies

To breathe new verdure o'er the mound
  Where the kindly Poet lies.

Gently lay him in his place,
  While the still Brethren round him stand;
The soul indeed is far away,
But we would reverence the clay
In which so long she made a stay,
Beaming through the friendly face,
  And holding forth the honest hand—

Thou, that didst so often twine
  For other urns the funeral song,
  One who has known and lov'd thee long,
  Would, ere he mingles with the throng,
Just hang this little wreath on thine.

Farewell, thou spirit kind and true;
Old Friend, for evermore Adieu!

EUPHRANOR

DURING the time of my pretending to practise Medicine at Cambridge, I was aroused, one fine forenoon of May, by the sound of some one coming up my staircase, two or three steps at a time it seemed to me; then, directly after, a smart rapping at the door; and, before I could say, "Come in," Euphranor had opened it, and, striding up to me, seized my arm with his usual eagerness, and told me I must go out with him—"It was such a day—sun shining—breeze blowing—hedges and trees in full leaf.—He had been to Chesterton, (he said,) and pull'd back with a man who now left him in the lurch; and I must take his place." I told him what a poor hand at the oar I was, and, such walnut-shells as these Cambridge boats were, I was sure a strong fellow like him must rejoice in getting a whole Eight-oar to himself once in a while. He

laughed, and said, "The pace, the pace was the thing—However, that was all nothing, but—in short, I must go with him, whether for a row, or a walk in the fields, or a game of Billiards at Chesterton—whatever I liked —only go I must." After a little more banter, about some possible Patients, I got up; closed some very weary medical Treatise I was reading; on with coat and hat; and in three minutes we had run downstairs, out into the open air; where both of us calling out together "What a day!" it was, we struck out briskly for the old Wooden Bridge, where Euphranor said his boat was lying.

"By-the-by," said I, as we went along, "it would be a charity to knock up poor Lexilogus, and carry him along with us."

Not much of a charity, Euphranor thought —Lexilogus would so much rather be left with his books. Which I declared was the very reason he should be taken from them; and Euphranor, who was quite good-humour'd, and wish'd Lexilogus all well, (for we were all three Yorkshiremen, whose families lived no great distance asunder,) easily consented. So, without more ado, we turn'd into Trinity Great gate, and round by the right up a staircase to the attic where Lexilogus kept.

The door was *sported*, as they say, but I

knew he must be within; so, using the privilege of an old friend, I shouted to him through the letter-slit. Presently we heard the sound of books falling, and soon after Lexilogus' thin, pale, and spectacled face appear'd at the half-open'd door. He was always glad to see me, I believe, howsoever I disturb'd him; and he smiled as he laid his hand in mine, rather than return'd its pressure: working hard, as he was, poor fellow, for a Fellowship that should repay all the expense of sending him to College.

The tea-things were still on the table, and I asked him (though I knew well enough) if he were so fashionable as only just to have breakfasted?

"Oh—long ago—directly after morning Chapel."

I then told him he must put his books away, and come out on the river with Euphranor and myself.

"He could not possibly," he thought;—"not so early, at least—preparing for some Examination, or course of Lectures——"

"Come, come, my good fellow," said Euphranor, "that is the very reason, says the Doctor; and he will have his way. So make haste."

I then told him (what I then suddenly remember'd) that, beside other reasons, his

old Aunt, a Cambridge tradesman's widow whom I attended, and whom Lexilogus help'd to support out of his own little savings, wanted to see him on some business. He should go with us to Chesterton, where she lodged; visit her while Euphranor and I play'd a game or two of Billiards at the Inn; and afterwards (for I knew how little of an oars-man he was) we would all three take a good stretch into the Fields together.

He supposed "we should be back in good time"; about which I would make no condition; and he then resign'd himself to Destiny. While he was busy changing and brushing his clothes, Euphranor, who had walk'd somewhat impatiently about the room, looking now at the books, and now through the window at some white pigeons wheeling about in the clear sky, went up to the mantelpiece and call'd out, "What a fine new pair of screens Lexilogus had got! the present, doubtless, of some fair Lady."

Lexilogus said they were a present from his sister on his birthday; and coming up to me, brush in hand, asked if I recognised the views represented on them?

"Quite well, quite well," I said—"the old Church—the Yew tree—the Parsonage—one cannot mistake them."

"And were they not beautifully done?"

And I answer'd without hesitation, "they were;" for I knew the girl who had painted them, and that (whatever they might be in point of Art) a still finer spirit had guided her hand.

At last, after a little hesitation as to whether he should wear cap and gown, (which I decided he should, for this time only, *not*,) Lexilogus was ready: and calling out on the staircase to some invisible Bed-maker, that his books should not be meddled with, we ran downstairs, crossed the Great Court—through the Screens, as they are call'd, perpetually travers'd by Gyp, Cook, Bed-maker, and redolent of perpetual Dinner;—and so, through the cloisters of Neville's Court, out upon the open green before the Library. The sun shone broad on the new-shaven expanse of grass, while holiday-seeming people saunter'd along the River-side, and under the trees, now flourishing in freshest green—the Chestnut especially in full fan, and leaning down his white cones over the sluggish current, which seem'd indeed fitter for the slow merchandise of coal, than to wash the walls and flow through the groves of Academe.

We now consider'd that we had miss'd our proper point of embarkation; but this was easily set right at a slight expense of

College propriety. Euphranor calling out to some one who had his boat in charge along with others by the wooden bridge, we descended the grassy slope, stepp'd in, with due caution on the part of Lexilogus and myself, and settled the order of our voyage. Euphranor and I were to pull, and Lexilogus (as I at first proposed) to steer. But seeing he was somewhat shy of meddling in the matter, I agreed to take all the blame of my own awkwardness on myself.

"And just take care of this, will you, Lexilogus?" said Euphranor, handing him a book which fell out of the pocket of the coat he was taking off.

"Oh, books, books!" I exclaimed. "I thought we were to steer clear of them, at any rate. Now we shall have Lexilogus reading all the way, instead of looking about him, and inhaling the fresh air unalloy'd. What is it—Greek, Algebra, German, or what?"

"None of these, however," Euphranor said, "but only Digby's Godefridus;" and then asking me whether I was ready, and I calling out, "Ay, ay, Sir," our oars plash'd in the water. Safe through the main arch of Trinity bridge, we shot past the Library, I exerting myself so strenuously (as bad rowers are apt to do), that I almost drove

the boat upon a very unobtrusive angle of the College buildings. This danger past, however, we got on better; Euphranor often looking behind him to anticipate our way, and counteracting with his experienced oar the many misdirections of mine. Amid all this, he had leisure to ask me if I knew those same Digby books?

"Some of them," I told him—"the 'Broad Stone of Honour,' for one; indeed I had the first Protestant edition of it, now very rare."

"But not so good as the enlarged Catholic," said Euphranor, "of which this Godefridus is part."

"Perhaps not," I replied; "but then, on the other hand, *not* so Catholic; which you and Lexilogus will agree with me is much in its favour."

Which I said slyly, because of Euphranor's being rather taken with the Oxford doctrine just then coming into vogue.

"You cannot forgive him that," said he.

"Nay, nay," said I, "one can forgive a true man anything."

And then Euphranor ask'd me, "Did I not remember Digby himself at College?—perhaps know him?"

"Not *that*," I answer'd, "but remember'd him very well. A grand, swarthy Fellow,

who might have stept out of the canvas of some knightly portrait in his Father's hall —perhaps the living image of one sleeping under some cross-legg'd Effigies in the Church."

"And, Hare says, really the Knight at heart that he represented in his Books."

"At least," I answered, "he pull'd a very good stroke on this river, where I am now labouring so awkwardly."

In which and other such talk, interrupted by the little accidents of our voyage, we had threaded our way through the closely-packt barges at Magdalen; through the Locks; and so for a pull of three or four miles down the river and back again to the Ferry; where we surrender'd our boat, and footed it over the fields to Chesterton, at whose Church we came just as its quiet chimes were preluding Twelve o'clock. Close by was the humble house whither Lexilogus was bound. I look'd in for a moment at the old lady, and left him with her, privately desiring him to join us as soon as he could at the Three Tuns Inn, which I preferr'd to any younger rival, because of the many pleasant hours I had spent there in my own College days, some twenty years ago.

When Euphranor and I got there, we found all the tables occupied; but one, as

usual, would be at our service before long. Meanwhile, ordering some light ale after us, we went into the Bowling-green, with its Lilac bushes now in full bloom and full odour; and there we found, sitting alone upon a bench, Lycion, with a cigar in his mouth, and rolling the bowls about lazily with his foot.

"What! Lycion! and all alone!" I call'd out.

He nodded to us both—waiting, he said, till some men had finish'd a pool of billiards upstairs—a great bore—for it was only just begun! and one of the fellows "a man I particularly detest."

"Come and console yourself with some ale, then," said I. "Are you ever foolish enough to go pulling on the river, as we have been doing?"

"Not very often in hot weather; he did not see the use," he said, "of perspiring to no purpose."

"Just so," replied I, "though Euphranor has not turn'd a hair, you see, owing to the good condition he is in. But here comes our liquor; and 'Sweet is Pleasure after Pain,' at any rate."

We then sat down in one of those little arbours cut into the Lilac bushes round the Bowling-green; and while Euphranor and I

were quaffing each a glass of Home-brew'd, Lycion took up the volume of Digby, which Euphranor had laid on the table.

"Ah, Lycion," said Euphranor, putting down his glass, "there is one would have put you up to a longer and stronger pull than we have had to-day."

"Chivalry——" said Lycion, glancing carelessly over the leaves; "Don't you remember," — addressing me — "what an absurd thing that Eglinton Tournament was? What a complete failure! There was the Queen of Beauty on her throne—Lady Seymour—who alone of all the whole affair was *not* a sham—and the Heralds, and the Knights in full Armour on their horses —they had been practising for months, I believe—but unluckily, at the very moment of Onset, the rain began, and the Knights threw down their lances, and put up their umbrellas."

I laugh'd, and said I remembered something like it had occurr'd, though not to that umbrella-point, which I thought was a theatrical, or Louis Philippe Burlesque on the affair. And I asked Euphranor "what he had to say in defence of the Tournament?"

"Nothing at all," he replied. "It *was* a silly thing, and fit to be laughed at for the very reason that it *was* a sham, as Lycion

says. As Digby himself tells us," he went on, taking the Book, and rapidly turning over the leaves—"Here it is"—and he read: "'The error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition'—that is, you know, that Chivalry is not a thing past, but, like all things of Beauty, eternal—'the error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition consists in their supposing that Tournaments, and steel Panoply, and Coat arms, and Aristocratic institutions, are essential to Chivalry; whereas, these are, in fact, only accidental attendants upon it, subject to the influence of Time, which changes all such things.'"

"I suppose," said Lycion, "your man—whatever his name is—would carry us back to the days of King Arthur, and the Seven Champions, whenever they were—that one used to read about when a Child? I thought Don Quixote had put an end to all that long ago."

"Well, *he*, at any rate," said Euphranor, "did not depend on fine Accoutrement for his Chivalry."

"Nay," said I, "but did he *not* believe in his rusty armour—perhaps even the pasteboard Visor he fitted to it—as impregnable as the Cause——"

"And some old Barber's bason as

the Helmet of Mambrino," interposed Lycion——

"And his poor Rocinante not to be surpass'd by the Bavieca of the Cid; believed in all this, I say, as really as in the Windmills and Wine-skins being the Giants and Sorcerers he was to annihilate?"

"To be sure he did," said Lycion; "but Euphranor's Round-table men—many of them great rascals, I believe—knew a real Dragon, or Giant—when they met him—better than Don Quixote."

"Perhaps, however," said I, who saw Euphranor's colour rising, "he and Digby would tell us that all such Giants and Dragons may be taken for Symbols of certain Forms of Evil which his Knights went about to encounter and exterminate."

"Of course," said Euphranor, with an indignant snort, "every Child knows that: then as now to be met with and put down in whatsoever shapes they appear as long as Tyranny and Oppression exist."

"Till finally extinguisht, as they crop up, by Euphranor and his Successors," said Lycion.

"Does not Carlyle somewhere talk to us of a 'Chivalry of Labour'?" said I; "that henceforward not '*Arms* and the Man,' but '*Tools* and the Man,' are to furnish the Epic of the world."

"Oh, well," said Lycion, "if the 'Table-Round' turn into a Tailor's Board—'Charge, Chester, charge!' say I—only not exorbitantly for the Coat you provide for us—which indeed, like true Knights, I believe you should provide for us gratis."

"Yes, my dear fellow," said I, laughing, "but then *You* must not sit idle, smoking your cigar, in the midst of it; but, as your Ancestors led on mail'd troops at Agincourt, so must you put yourself, shears in hand, at the head of this Host, and become what Carlyle calls 'a Captain of Industry,' a Master-tailor, leading on a host of Journeymen to fresh fields and conquests new."

"Besides," said Euphranor, who did not like Carlyle, nor relish this sudden descent of his hobby, "surely Chivalry will never want a good Cause to maintain, whether private or public. As Tennyson says, King Arthur, who was carried away wounded to the island valley of Avilion, returns to us in the shape of a 'modern Gentleman' who may be challenged, even in these later days, to no mock Tournament, Lycion, in his Country's defence, and with something other than the Doctor's shears at his side."

To this Lycion, however, only turn'd his cigar in his mouth by way of reply, and look'd somewhat superciliously at his An-

tagonist. And I, who had been looking into the leaves of the Book that Euphranor had left open, said:

"Here we are, as usual, discussing without having yet agreed on the terms we are using. Euphranor has told us, on the word of his Hero, what Chivalry is *not:* let him read what it *is* that we are talking about."

I then handed him the Book to read to us, while Lycion, lying down on the grass, with his hat over his eyes, composed himself to inattention. And Euphranor read:

"'Chivalry is only a name for that general Spirit or state of mind, which disposes men to Heroic and Generous actions; and keeps them conversant with all that is Beautiful and Sublime in the Intellectual and Moral world. It will be found that, in the absence of conservative principles, this Spirit more generally prevails in Youth than in the later periods of men's lives: and, as the Heroic is always the earliest age in the history of nations, so Youth, the first period of human life, may be considered as the Heroic or Chivalrous age of each separate Man; and there are few so unhappy as to have grown up without having experienced its influence, and having derived the advantage of being able to enrich their imaginations, and to soothe their hours of sorrow, with

its romantic recollections. The Anglo-Saxons distinguished the period between Childhood and Manhood by the term 'Cnihthade,' Knighthood: a term which still continued to indicate the connexion between Youth and Chivalry, when Knights were styled 'Children,' as in the historic song beginning,

"Child Rowland to the dark tower came:"

an excellent expression, no doubt; for every Boy and Youth is, in his mind and sentiments, a Knight, and essentially a Son of Chivalry. Nature is fine in him. Nothing but the circumstance of a singular and most degrading system of Education can ever totally destroy the action of this general law. Therefore, as long as there has been, or shall be, a succession of sweet Springs in Man's Intellectual World; as long as there have been, or shall be, Young men to grow up to maturity; and until all Youthful life shall be dead and its source withered for ever: so long must there have been, and must there continue to be, the spirit of noble Chivalry. To understand therefore this first and, as it were, natural Chivalry, we have only to observe the features of the Youthful age, of which

examples surround us. For, as Demopho says of young men:

> "Ecce autem similia omnia: omnes congruunt: Unum cognoris, omnes noris."

Mark the courage of him who is green and fresh in this Old world. Amyntas beheld and dreaded the insolence of the Persians; but not so Alexander, the son of Amyntas, ἅτε νέος τε ἐὼν, καὶ κακῶν ἀπαθὴς (says Herodotus) οὐδαμῶς ἔτι κατέχειν οἷός τε ἦν. When Jason had related to his companions the conditions imposed by the King, the first impression was that of horror and despondency: till Peleus rose up boldly, and said,

> Ὥρη μητιάασθαι ὅ κ' ἔρξομεν· οὐ μὲν ἔολπα
> Βουλῆς εἶναι ὄνειαρ, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ κάρτεϊ χειρῶν.

'If Jason be unwilling to attempt it, I and the rest will undertake the enterprise; for what more can we suffer than death?' And then instantly rose up Telamon and Idas, and the sons of Tyndarus, and Œnides, although

> οὐδέ περ ὅσσον ἐπανθιόωντας ἰούλους
> Ἀντέλλων.

But Argus, the Nestor of the party, restrained their impetuous valour."

"Scarce the Down upon their lips, you

see," (said I,) "Freshmen;—so that you, Euphranor, who are now Bachelor of Arts, and whose upper lip at least begins to show the stubble of repeated harvests, are, alas, fast declining from that golden prime of Knighthood, while Lycion here, whose shavings might almost be counted——"

Here Lycion, who had endured the reading with an occasional yawn, said he wish'd "those fellows upstairs would finish their pool."

"And see again," continued I, taking the book from Euphranor's hands—"after telling us that Chivalry is mainly but another name for Youth, Digby proceeds to define more particularly what *that* is—'It is a remark of Lord Bacon, that "for the Moral part, Youth will have the pre-eminence, as Age hath for the Politic;" and this has always been the opinion which is allied to that other belief, that the Heroic (the Homeric age) was the most Virtuous age of Greece. When Demosthenes is desirous of expressing any great and generous sentiment, he uses the term *νεανικὸν φρόνημα*'—and by the way," added I, looking up parenthetically from the book, "the Persians, I am told, employ the same word for Youth and Courage —'and it is the saying of Plautus, when surprise is evinced at the Benevolence of

an old man, "Benignitas hujus ut Adolescentuli est." There is no difference, says the Philosopher, between Youthful Age and Youthful Character; and what this is cannot be better evinced than in the very words of Aristotle: "The Young are ardent in Desire, and what they do is from Affection; they are tractable and delicate; they earnestly desire and are quickly appeased; their wishes are intense, without comprehending much, as the thirst and hunger of the weary; they are passionate and hasty, and liable to be surprised by anger; for being ambitious of Honour, they cannot endure to be despised, but are indignant when they suffer injustice: they love Honour, but still more Victory; for Youth desires superiority, and victory is superiority, and both of these they love more than Riches; for as to these, of all things, they care for them the least. They are not of corrupt manners, but are Innocent, from not having beheld much wickedness; and they are credulous, from having been seldom deceived; and Sanguine in hope, for, like persons who are drunk with wine, they are inflamed by nature, and from their having had but little experience of Fortune. And they live by Hope, for Hope is of the future, but Memory of the past, and to Youth the Future is everything, the Past but little;

they hope all things, and remember nothing: and it is easy to deceive them, for the reasons which have been given; for they are willing to hope, and are full of Courage, being passionate and hasty, of which tempers it is the nature of one not to fear, and of the other to inspire confidence; and they are easily put to Shame, for they have no resources to set aside the precepts which they have learned: and they have lofty souls, for they have never been disgraced or brought low, and they are unacquainted with Necessity; they prefer Honour to Advantage, Virtue to Expediency; for they live by Affection rather than by Reason, and Reason is concerned with Expediency, but Affection with Honour: and they are warm friends and hearty companions, more than other men, because they delight in Fellowship, and judge of nothing by Utility, and therefore not their friends; and they chiefly err in doing all things over much, for they keep no medium. They love much, and they dislike much, and so in everything, and this arises from their idea that they know everything. And their faults consist more in Insolence than in actual wrong; and they are full of Mercy, because they regard all men as good, and more virtuous than they are; for they measure others by their own Innocence; so that they

suppose every man suffers wrongfully."' So that Lycion, you see," said I, looking up from the book, and tapping on the top of his hat, "is, in virtue of his eighteen Summers only, a Knight of Nature's own dubbing—yes, and here we have a list of the very qualities which constitute him one of the Order. And all the time he is pretending to be careless, indolent, and worldly, he is really bursting with suppressed Energy, Generosity, and Devotion."

"I did not try to understand your English any more than your Greek," said Lycion; "but if I can't help being the very fine Fellow whom I think you were reading about, why, I want to know what is the use of writing books about it for my edification."

"O yes, my dear fellow," said I, "it is like giving you an Inventory of your goods, which else you lose, or even fling away, in your march to Manhood—which you are so eager to reach. Only to repent when gotten there; for I see Digby goes on—'What is termed *Entering the World*'—which Manhood of course must do—'assuming its Principles and Maxims'—which usually follows—'is nothing else but departing into those regions to which the souls of the Homeric Heroes went sorrowing—

"'ὃν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.'"

"Ah, you remember," said Euphranor, "how Lamb's friend, looking upon the Eton Boys in their Cricket-field, sighed 'to think of so many fine Lads so soon turning into frivolous Members of Parliament!'"

"But why 'frivolous'?" said Lycion.

"Ay, why 'frivolous'?" echoed I, "when entering on the Field where, Euphranor tells us, their Knightly service may be call'd into action."

"Perhaps," said Euphranor, "entering before sufficiently equipp'd for that part of their calling."

"Well," said Lycion, "the Laws of England determine otherwise, and that is enough for me, and, I suppose, for her, whatever your ancient or modern pedants say to the contrary."

"You mean," said I, "in settling Twenty-one as the Age of 'Discretion,' sufficient to manage, not your own affairs only, but those of the Nation also?"

The hat nodded.

"Not yet, perhaps, accepted for a Parliamentary Knight complete," said I, "so much as Squire to some more experienced, if not more valiant, Leader. Only providing that Neoptolemus do not fall into the hands of a too politic Ulysses, and under him lose that generous Moral, whose Inventory is otherwise

apt to get lost among the benches of St. Stephen's—in spite of preliminary Prayer."

"Aristotle's Master, I think," added Euphranor, with some mock gravity, "would not allow any to become Judges in his Republic till near to middle life, lest acquaintance with Wrong should harden them into a distrust of Humanity: and acquaintance with Diplomacy is said to be little less dangerous."

"Though, by-the-way," interposed I, "was not Plato's Master accused of perplexing those simple Affections and Impulses of Youth by his Dialectic, and making premature Sophists of the Etonians of Athens?"

"By Aristophanes, you mean," said Euphranor, with no mock gravity now; "whose gross caricature help'd Anytus and Co. to that Accusation which ended in the murder of the best and wisest Man of all Antiquity."

"Well, perhaps," said I, "he had been sufficiently punish'd by that termagant Wife of his—whom, by-the-way, he may have taught to argue with him instead of to obey. Just as that Son of poor old Strepsiades, in what you call the Aristophanic Caricature, is taught to rebel against parental authority, instead of doing as he was bidden; as he would himself have the Horses to do that he was spending so much of his Father's money

upon: and as we would have our own Horses, Dogs, and Children,—and young Knights."

"You have got your Heroes into fine company, Euphranor," said Lycion, who, while seeming inattentive to all that went against him, was quick enough to catch at any turn in his favour.

"Why, let me see," said I, taking up the book again, and running my eye over the passage—"yes,—'*Ardent of desire*,'—'*Tractable*,'—some of them at least—'*Without comprehending much*'—'*Ambitious*'—'*Despisers of Riches*'—'*Warm friends and hearty Companions*'—really very characteristic of the better breed of Dogs and Horses. And why not? The Horse, you know, has given his very name to Chivalry, because of his association in the Heroic Enterprises of Men,—*El mas Hidalgo Bruto*, Calderon calls him. He was sometimes buried, I think, along with our heroic Ancestors—just as some favourite wife was buried along with her husband in the East. So the Muse sings of those who believe their faithful Dog will accompany them to the World of Spirits—as even some wise and good Christian men have thought it not impossible he may, not only because of his Moral, but——"

"Well," said Euphranor, "we need not trouble ourselves about carrying the question quite so far."

"Oh, do not drop your poor kinsman just when you are going into good Company," said Lycion.

"By-the-way, Lycion," said I, "has not your Parliament a 'Whipper-in' of its more dilatory members—or of those often of the younger ones, I think, who may be diverting themselves with some stray scent elsewhere?"

To this he only replied with a long whiff from his Cigar; but Euphranor said:

"Well, come, Lycion, let us take the Doctor at his word, and turn it against himself. For if you and I, in virtue of our Youth, are so inspired with all this Moral that he talks of—why, we—or, rather, you—*are* wanted in Parliament, not only to follow like Dog and Horse, as he pretends, but also to take the lead; so as the Generous counsel, the *νεανικὸν φρόνημα*, of Youth, may vivify and ennoble the cold Politic of Age."

"Well, I remember hearing of a young Senator," said I, "who, in my younger days, was celebrated for his faculty of Cock-crowing by way of waking up his more drowsy Seniors, I suppose, about the small hours of the morning—or, perhaps, in token of Victory over an unexpected Minority."

"No, no," said Euphranor, laughing, "I mean seriously; as in the passage we read

from Digby, Amyntas, the Man of Policy, was wrong, and his son Alexander right."

But oddly enough, as I remember'd the story in Herodotus, by a device which smack'd more of Policy than Generosity. "But in the other case, Argus, I suppose, was not so wrong in restraining the impetuosity of his Youthful Crew, who,—is it not credibly thought?—would have fail'd, but for Medea's unexpected magical assistance."

Euphranor was not clear about this.

"Besides," said I, "does not this very νεανικὸν φρόνημα of yours result from that νεανικόν condition—ἔθος, do you call it?—of Body, in which Youth as assuredly profits as in the Moral, and which assuredly flows, as from a Fountain of 'Jouvence that rises and runs in the open' Field rather than in the Hall of St. Stephen's, where indeed it is rather likely to get clogg'd, if not altogether dried up? As, for instance, *Animal Spirit*, *Animal Courage*, *Sanguine Temper*, and so forth—all which, by the way, says Aristotle, inflame Youth not at all like Reasonable people, but '*like persons drunk with wine*'—all which, for better or worse, is fermented by Cricket from good Roast Beef into pure Blood, Muscle—and Moral."

"Chivalry refined into patent Essence of Beef!" said Euphranor, only half-amused.

"I hope you like the taste of it," said Lycion, under his hat.

"Well, at any rate," said I, laughing, "those young Argonauts needed a good stock of it to work a much heavier craft than we have been pulling to-day, when the wind fail'd them. And yet, with all their animal Inebriation—whencesoever derived—so tractable in their Moral as to submit at once to their Politic Leader—Argus, was it not?"

"'The Nestor of the Party,' Digby calls him," said Euphranor, "good, old, garrulous, Nestor, whom, somehow, I think one seems to feel more at home with than any of the Homeric Heroes."

"Aye, *he* was entitled to crow in the Grecian Parliament, fine 'Old Cock' as he was, about the gallant exploits of his Youth, being at threescore so active in Body as in Spirit, that Agamemnon declares, I think, that Troy would soon come down had he but a few more such Generals. Ah yes, Euphranor! could one by so full Apprenticeship of Youth become so thoroughly season'd with its Spirit, that all the Reason of Manhood, and Politic of Age, and Experience of the World, should serve not to freeze, but to direct, the genial Current of the Soul, so that—

" 'Ev'n while the vital Heat retreats below,
Ev'n while the hoary head is lost in Snow,
The *Life* is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling Snow appears the streaky
Green'—

that Boy's Heart within the Man's never ceasing to throb and tremble, even to remotest Age—then indeed your Senate would need no other Youth than its Elders to vivify their counsel, or could admit the Young without danger of corrupting them by ignoble Policy."

"Well, come," said Euphranor gaily, after my rather sententious peroration, "Lycion need not be condemn'd to enter Parliament —or even 'The World'—unless he pleases, for some twenty years to come, if he will follow Pythagoras, who, you know, Doctor, devotes the first forty years of his Man's allotted Eighty to Childhood and Youth; a dispensation which you and I at least shall not quarrel with."

"No, nor anyone else, I should suppose," said I. "Think, my dear Lycion, what a privilege for you to have yet more than twenty good years' expatiation in the Elysian Cricket-field of Youth before pent up in that Close Borough of your Father's! And Euphranor, whom we thought fast slipping out of his Prime as his Youth attained a

beard, is in fact only just entering upon it. And, most wonderful of all, I, who not only have myself enter'd the World, but made my bread by bringing others into it these fifteen years, have myself only just ceased to be a Boy!"

What reply Lycion might have deign'd to all this, I know not; for just now one of his friends looked out again from the Billiard-room window, and called out to him, "the coast was clear." On which Lycion getting up, and muttering something about its being a pity we did not go back to Trap-ball, and I retorting that we could carry it forward into Life with us, he carelessly nodded to us both, and with an "*Au Revoir*" lounged with his Cigar into the house.

Then Euphranor and I took each a draught of the good liquor which Lycion had declined to share with us; and, on setting down his tumbler, he said:

"Ah! you should have heard our friend Skythrops commenting on that Inventory of Youth, as you call it, which he happen'd to open upon in my rooms the other day."

"Perhaps the book is rather apt to open there of its own accord," said I. "Well—and what did Skythrops say?"

"Oh, you may anticipate—'the same old Heathen talk,' he said—'very well for a

Pagan to write, and a Papist to quote'—and, according to you, Doctor, for Horse and Dog to participate in, and for Bullock to supply."

"But I had been mainly bantering Lycion," I said; "as Euphranor also, I supposed, with his Pythagorean disposition of Life. Lycion would not much have cared had I derived them from the angels. As for that Animal condition to which I had partly referr'd them, we Doctors were of old notorious on that score, not choosing your Moralist and Philosopher to carry off all the fee. But, 'The Cobbler to his Last' —or, the Tailor to his Goose, if I might be call'd in, as only I profess'd, to accommodate the outer Man with what Sterne calls his Jerkin, leaving its Lining to your Philosopher and Divine."

"Sterne!" ejaculated Euphranor; "just like him—Soul and Body all of a piece."

"Nay, nay," said I, laughing; "your Lining is often of a finer material, you know."

"And often of a coarser, as in Sterne's own case, I believe."

"Well, then, I would turn Mason, or Bricklayer," I said; "and confine myself to the House of Clay, in which, as the Poets tell us, the Soul is Tenant—'The Body's Guest'—as Sir Walter Raleigh calls him; would that do?"

"Better, at any rate, than Jerkin and Lining."

But here the same difficulty presented itself. For, however essentially distinct the Tenant from his Lodging, his Health, as we of the material Faculty believed, in some measure depended on the salubrity of the House, in which he is not merely a Guest, but a Prisoner, and from which I knew Euphranor thought he was forbidden to escape by any violent self-extrication. Dryden indeed tells us of—

> "'A fiery Soul that, working out his way,
> Fretted the pigmy Body to decay,
> And o'er-informed this Tenement of Clay.'"—

"But *that* was the Soul of an Achitophel," Euphranor argued, "whose collapse, whether beginning from within or without, was of less than little moment to the world. But the truly grand Soul possesses himself in peace, or, if he suffer from self-neglect, or over-exertion in striving after the good of others—why, that same Dryden—or Waller, it may be—says that such an one becomes, not weaker, but stronger, by that Bodily decay, whether of Infirmity, or of Old Age, which lets in new light through the chinks of dilapidation—if not, as my loftier Wordsworth has it, some rays of that Original

Glory which he brought with him to be darken'd in the Body at Birth."

"But then," I said, 'if your crazy Cottage won't fall to pieces at once, but, after the manner of creaking gates, go creaking—or, as the Sailors say of their boats 'complaining' on—making the Tenant, and most likely all his Neighbours, complain also, and perpetually calling on the Tenant for repairs, and this when he wants to be about other more important Business of his own? To think how much time—and patience—a Divine Soul has to waste over some little bit of Cheese, perhaps, that, owing to bad drainage, will stick in the stomach of an otherwise Seraphic Doctor."

Euphranor laughed a little; and I went on: "Better surely, for all sakes, to build up for her—as far as we may—for we cannot yet ensure the foundation—a spacious, airy, and wholesome Tenement becoming so Divine a Tenant, of so strong a foundation and masonry as to resist the wear and tear of Elements without, and herself within. Yes; and a *handsome* house withal—unless indeed you think the handsome Soul will fashion that about herself from within—like a shell—which, so far as her Top-storey, where she is supposed chiefly to reside, I think may be the case."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "one of the most beautiful of all human Souls, as I think, could scarce accomplish that."

"Socrates?" said I. "No; but did not he profess that his Soul was naturally an ugly soul to begin with? So, by the time he had beautified her within, it was too late to re-front her Outside, which had case-hardened, I suppose. But did not he accompany Alcibiades, not only because of his Spiritual, but also of his Physical Beauty, in which, as in the Phidian statues, the Divine Original of Man was supposed to reflect Himself, and which has been accepted as such by Christian Art, and indeed by all Peoples who are furthest removed from that of the Beast?"

"Even of Dog and Horse?" said Euphranor, smiling.

"Even my sturdy old Philosopher Montaigne—who, by the way, declares that he rates 'La Beauté à deux doigts de la Bonté . . . non seulement aux hommes qui me servent, mais aux bêtes aussi;" quotes your Aristotle, saying that we owe a sort of Homage to those who resemble the Statues of the Gods as to the Statues themselves. And thus Socrates may have felt about Alcibiades, who, in those earlier and better days when Socrates knew him, might almost be taken as

a counterpart of the Picture of Youth, with all its Virtues and defects, which Aristotle has drawn for us."

"Or, what do you say, Doctor, to Aristotle's own Pupil, Alexander, who turned out a yet more astonishing Phenomenon?—I wonder, Doctor, what you, with all your theories, would have done had such an 'Enfant terrible' as either of them been put into your hands."

"Well, at any rate, I should have the advantage of first laying hold of him on coming into the World, which was not the case with Aristotle, or with the Doctors of his time, was it?"

Euphranor thought not.

"However, I know not yet whether I have ever had an Infant Hero of any kind to deal with; none, certainly, who gave any indication of any such 'clouds of glory' as your Wordsworth tells of, even when just arrived from their several homes—in Alexander's case, of a somewhat sulphureous nature, according to Skythrops, I doubt. No, nor of any young Wordsworth neither under our diviner auspices.'

"Nay, but," said Euphranor, "he tells us that our Birth is but a 'Sleep and a Forgetting' of something which must take some waking-time to develope."

"But which, if I remember aright, is to begin to darken 'with shades of the Prison-house,' as Wordsworth calls it, that begin to close about 'the growing Boy.' But I am too much of a Philistine, as you Germans have it, to comprehend the Transcendental. All I know is, that I have not yet detected any signs of the 'Heaven that lies about our Infancy,' nor for some while after—no, not even peeping through those windows through which the Soul is said more immediately to look, but as yet with no more speculation in them than those of the poor whelp of the Dog we talked of—in spite of a nine days' start of him."

"Nevertheless," said Euphranor, "I have heard tell of another Poet's saying that he knew of no human out-look so solemn as that from an Infant's Eyes; and how it was from those of his own he learn'd that those of the Divine Child in Raffaelle's Sistine Madonna were not over-charged with expression, as he had previously thought they might be."

"I think," said I, "you must have heard of that from me, who certainly did hear something like it from the Poet himself, who used to let fall—not lay down—the word that settled the question, æsthetic or other, which others hammer'd after in vain. Yes;

that was on occasion, I think, of his having watch'd his Child one morning '*worshipping the Sunbeam on the Bed-post*'—I suppose the worship of Wonder, such as I have heard grown-up Children tell of at first sight of the Alps, or Niagara; or such stay-at-home Islanders as ourselves at first sight of the Sea, from such a height as Flamborough Head."

"Some farther-seeing Wonder than dog or kitten are conscious of, at any rate," said Euphranor.

"Ah, who knows? I have seen both of them watching that very Sunbeam too—the Kitten perhaps playing with it, to be sure. If but the Philosopher or Poet could live in the Child's or kitten's Brain for a while! The Bed-post Sun-worship, however, was of a Child of several months—and Raffaelle's —a full year old, would you say?"

"Nay, you know about such matters better than I," said Euphranor, laughing.

"Well, however it may be with young Wordsworth, Raffaelle's child certainly *was* 'drawing Clouds of Glory' from *His* Home, and we may suppose him conscious of it—yes, and of his Mission to dispense that glory to the World. And I remember how the same Poet also noticed the Attitude of the Child, which might otherwise seem somewhat too magisterial for his age."

Euphranor knew the Picture by Engraving only; but he observed how the Divine Mother's eyes also were dilated, not as with Human Mother's Love, but as with awe and Wonder at the Infant she was presenting to the World, as if silently saying, "Behold your King!"

"Why," said I, "do not some of you believe the 'Clouds of Glory' to have been drawn directly from herself?"

"Nonsense, nonsense, Doctor—you know better, as did Raffaelle also, I believe, in spite of the Pope."

"Well, well," said I, "your Wordsworth Boy has also his Divine Mission to fulfil in confessing that of Raffaelle's. But, however it may be with that Mother and Child, does not one—of your Germans, I think—say that, with us mortals, it is from the Mother's eyes that Religion dawns into the Child's Soul?—the Religion of Love, at first, I suppose, in gratitude for the flowing breast and feeding hand below."

"Perhaps — in some degree," said Euphranor. "As you were saying of that Sun-worshipper, one cannot fathom how far the Child may see into the Mother's eyes any more than all that is to be read in them."

"To be developed between them thereafter, I suppose," said I, "when the Mother's

lips interpret the Revelation of her Eyes, and lead up from her Love to the perception of some Invisible Parent of all."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "how well I remember learning to repeat after her, every morning and night, 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'"

"In your little white Surplice, like Sir Joshua's little Samuel—on whom the Light is dawning direct from Heaven, I think—from Him to whom you were half-articulately praying to 'make me a dood Boy' to them. And, by-and-by, Watts and Jane Taylor's, of the Star Daisy in the grass, and the Stars in Heaven,

> "'For ever singing as they shine,
> The Hand that made us is Divine.'"

"Ah," said Euphranor, "and beautiful some of those early things of Watts and Jane Taylor are. They run in my head still."

"As why should they not?" said I, "you being yet in your Childhood, you know. Why, I, who have left it some way behind me, to be sure, am constantly reminded of them in the nurseries I am so often call'd into from which they are not yet banisht by more æsthetic verse. As also, I must say, of some yet more early, and profane, such as 'Rock-a-bye Baby on the Tree-top,' with that catastrophe which never fail'd to 'bring

the House down' along with the Bough which is,—Mother's Arms. Then there was 'Little Bopeep' whose stray flock came back to her of themselves, carrying their tails behind them—and 'Little Boy Blue' who was less fortunate. Ah, what a pretty little picture he makes 'under the haycock' —like one of your Greek Idylls, I think, and quite 'suitable to this present Month of May,' as old Izaak says. Let me hear if you remember it, Sir."

And Euphranor, like a good boy, repeated the verses.[1]

"And then," said I, "the echoes of those old London Bells whose Ancestors once recall'd Whittington back to be their Lord Mayor; and now communicating from their several Steeples as to how the account with St. Clement's was to be paid—which, by-the-by, I remember being thus summarily settled by an old College Friend of mine—

"'"Confound you all!"
Said the Great bell of Paul;'

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[1] "Little Boy Blue come blow your horn;
The Cow's in the meadow, the Sheep in the corn.
Is this the way you mind your Sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep?"

"The '*meadow*'" said I, by way of annotation, "being, you know, of grass reserved for meadowing, or mowing."

only, I am afraid, with something more Athanasian than 'Confound'—though he was not then a Dignitary of the Church. Then that Tragedy of 'Cock Robin'—the Fly that saw it with that little Eye of his—and the Owl with his spade and '*Showl*'—proper old word that too—and the Bull who the Bell could pull—and—but I doubt whether you will approve of the Rook reading the Burial Service, nor do I like bringing the Lark, only for a rhyme's sake, down from Heaven, to make the responses. And all this illustrated by appropriate—'Gays,' as they call them in Suffolk—and recited, if not intoned, according to the different Characters."

"Plato's 'Music of Education,' I suppose," said Euphranor.

"Yes," said I, warming with my subject; "and then, beside the True Histories of Dog and Horse whose example is to be followed, Fables that treat of others, Lions, Eagles, Asses, Foxes, Cocks, and other feather'd or four-footed Creatures, who, as in Cock Robin's case, talk as well as act, but with a Moral—more or less commendable—provided *the* Moral be dropt. Then as your punning friend Plato, you told me, says that *Thaumas*—Wonder—is Father of Iris, who directly communicates between

Heaven and Earth—as in the case of that Bed-post-kissing Apollo—you, being a pious man, doubtless had your Giants, Genii, Enchanters, Fairies, Ogres, Witches, Ghosts——"

But Euphranor was decidedly against admitting any Ghost into the Nursery, and even Witches, remembering little Lamb's childish terror at Her of Endor.

"Oh, but," said I, "*She* was a real Witch, you know, though represented by Stackhouse; who need not figure among the Musicians, to be sure. You, however, as Lycion says, have your Giants and Dragons to play with—by way of Symbol, if you please—and you must not grudge your younger Brethren in Arms that redoubtable JACK who slew the Giants whom you are to slay over again, and who for that very purpose climb'd up a Bean-stalk some way at least to Heaven—an Allegory that, as Sir Thomas Browne says, 'admits of a wide solution.'"

"Ah," said my companion, "I remember how you used to climb up the Poplar in our garden by way of Bean-stalk, looking out upon us now and then, till lost among the branches. You could not do that now, Doctor."

"No more than I could up Jack's own

Bean-stalk. I was a thin slip of a Knight then, not long turned of Twenty, I suppose —almost more like a Giant than a Jack to the rest of you—but Children do not mind such disproportions. No—I could better play one of the three Bears growling for his mess of porridge now. But, in default of my transcendental illustration of Jack, he and his like are well represented in such Effigies as your friend Plato never dream'd of in his philosophy, though Phidias and Praxiteles may have sketcht for their Children what now is multiplied by Engraving into every Nursery."

"Not to mention Printing, to read about what is represented," said Euphranor.

"I do not know what to say about *that*," said I. "Does not your Philosopher repudiate any but Oral instruction?"

"Notwithstanding all which, I am afraid we must learn to read," said Euphranor, "in these degenerate days."

"Well, if needs must," said I, "you may learn in the most musical way of all. Do you not remember the practice of our Forefathers?

> "'To Master John, the Chamber-maid
> A Horn-book gives of Ginger-bread;
> And, that the Child may learn the better,
> As he can name, he eats the Letter.'"

"Oh, how I used to wish," said Euphranor, "there had been any such royal road to Grammar which one had to stumble over some years after."

"Well," said I, "but there is now, I believe, a Comic Grammar—as well as a Comic History of Rome—and of England."

"Say no more of all that, pray, Doctor. The old 'Propria quæ maribus' was better Music, uncouth as it was, and almost as puzzling as an Oracle. I am sure it is only now—when I try—that I understand the meaning of the rule I then repeated mechanically—like a Parrot, you would say."

"Sufficiently intelligible, however," said I, "to be mechanically applied in distinguishing the different parts of Speech, and how related to one another; how a verb governs an accusative, and an adjective agrees with a noun; to all which you are guided by certain terminations of *us*, *a*, *um*, and *do*, *das*, *dat*, and so on; till you are able to put the scattered words together, and so ford through a sentence. And the old uncouth Music, as you call it, nevertheless served to fix those rules in the memory."

"But all that is changed now!" said Euphranor; "Nominative and Accusative are turned into Subjective and Objective, and what not."

"Darkening the unintelligible to Boys," said I, "whatever it may afterwards to men. 'Floreat Etona!' say I, with her old Lily, and 'Propria quæ maribus,' always providing there be not too much of it—even could it be construed, like the Alphabet, into Gingerbread."

"Well," said Euphranor, "I think you took pretty good care that we should not suffer an indigestion of the latter, when you were among us at home, Doctor. What with mounting that Bean-stalk yourself, and clearing us out of the Schoolroom into the Garden, wet or dry, regardless of Aunt's screaming from the window for us to come in, when a Cloud was coming up in the Sky——"

"Or a little dew lying on the Grass."

"Why, I believe you would have a Child's shoes made with holes in them on purpose to let in water, as Locke recommends," said Euphranor, laughing.

"I wouldn't keep him within for having none, whole shoes, or whole clothes—no, nor *any*—only the Police would interfere."

"But the Child catches cold."

"Put him to bed and dose him."

"But he dies."

"Then, as a sensible woman said, 'is provided for.' Your own Plato, I think, says it is better the weakly ones should die at

once; and the Spartans, I think, kill'd them off."

"Come, come, Doctor," said Euphranor. "I really think you gave us colds on purpose to be called in to cure them."

"No, no; that was before I was a Doctor, you know. But I doubt that I was the Lord of Mis-rule sometimes, though, by the way, I am certain that I sometimes recommended a remedy, not when you were sick, but when you were sorry—without a cause—I mean, obstinate, or self-willed against the little Discipline you had to submit to."

Euphranor looked comically at me.

"Yes," said I, "you know—a slap on that part where the Rod is to be applied in after years—and which I had, not long before, suffered myself."

"*That* is almost out of date now, along with other Spartan severities even in Criminal cases," said Euphranor.

"Yes, and the more the pity in both cases. How much better in the Child's than being shut up, or additionally tasked—revenging a temporary wrong with a lasting injury. And, as for your public Criminal—my wonder is that even modern squeamishness does not see that a public application of the Rod or Lash on the bare back in the Market-place would be more likely to daunt the Culprit.

and all Beholders, from future Misdemeanour than months of imprisonment, well-boarded, lodged, and cared for, at the Country's cost."

"Nevertheless," said Euphranor, "I do not remember your Advice being taken in our case, much as I, for one, may have deserved it."

"No," said I; "your Father was gone, you know, and your Mother too tender-hearted—indulgent, I might say."

"Which, with all your Spartan discipline, I know you think the better extreme," said Euphranor.

"Oh, far the better!" said I—"letting the *Truth* come to the surface—the ugliest Truth better than the fairest Falsehood which Fear naturally brings with it, and all the better for determining outwardly, as we Doctors say, than repressed to rankle within. Why, even without fear of spank or Rod, you remember how your Wordsworth's little Harry was taught the practice of Lying, who, simply being teased with well-meaning questions as to *why* he liked one place better than another, caught at a Weather-cock for a reason *why*. Your mother was wiser than that. I dare say she did not bother you about the meaning of the Catechism she taught you, provided you generally understood that you were to keep your hands from

picking and stealing, and your tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering. She did not insist, as Skythrops would have had you, on your owning yourselves Children of the Devil."

"No, no!"

"I should not even wonder if, staunch Churchwoman as she was, she did not condemn you to go more than once of a Sunday to Church—perhaps not to be shut up for two hours' morning Service in a Pew, without being allowed to go to sleep there; nor tease you about Text and Sermon afterward. For, if she had, you would not, I believe, have been the determined Churchman you are."

"Ah, I remember so well," said Euphranor, "her telling a stricter neighbour of ours that, for all she saw, the Child generally grew up with clean opposite inclinations and ways of thinking, from the Parent."

"Yes," said I, "that is the way from Parent to Child, and from Generation to Generation; and so the World goes round."

"And we—Brothers and Sister, I mean"—said Euphranor, "now catch ourselves constantly saying how right she was in the few things we ever thought her mistaken about. God bless her!"

He took a long pull at his glass, and was

silent some little while—she had died a few years ago—and then he said:

"However, even she began in time to find 'the Boys too much for her,' as she said—for which you, Doctor, as you say, are partly accountable; besides, we should have our livelihood to earn, unlike your born Heroes; and must begin to work sooner rather than later. Our Friend Skythrops' *ipse* had already warned her of our innate, and steadily growing, Depravity, and, when I was seven or eight years old, came to propose taking me under his wing, at what he called his 'Seminary for young Gentlemen.'"

"I see him," said I, "coming up the shrubbery walk in a white tie, and with a face of determined asperity—the edge of the Axe now turned *toward* the Criminal. Aye, I was gone away to Edinburgh by that time; indeed I think he waited till I was well out of the way. Well, what did he say?"

"Oh, he explained his scheme, whatever it was——"

"And—oh, I can tell you—some eight or ten hours a day of Grammar and Arithmetic, Globes, History, and as Dickens says, 'General Christianity'; and, by way of Recreation, two hours' daily walk with himself and his sallow Pupils, two and two

along the High-road, improved with a running commentary by Skythrops — with perhaps a little gymnastic gallows in his gravel Play-ground, without room or time for any generous exercise. Your Mother, I hope, gave him a biscuit and a glass of Sherry, and, with all due thanks, let him go back the way he came."

"His Plan does not please you, Doctor?"

"And if it did—and it only wanted reversing—*he* would not. No Boy with any Blood in his veins can profit from a Teacher trying to graft from dead wood upon the living sapling. Even the poor Women's '*Preparatory Establishments*' for 'Young Gentlemen' are better; however narrow their notions and routine, they do not at heart dislike a little of the Devil in the other sex, however intolerant of him in their own."

"Well, we were committed to neither," said Euphranor, "but to a nice young Fellow who came to be Curate in the Parish, and who taught us at home, little but well —among other things—a little Cricket."

"Bravo!" said I.

"Then Uncle James, you know, hearing that I was rather of a studious turn — 'serious,' he called it—took it into his head that one of his Brother's family should be

a Parson, and so undertook to pay my way at Westminster, which he thought an aristocratic School, and handy for him in the City. In which, perhaps, you do not disagree with him, Doctor?"

"No," said I; "though not bred up at any of them myself, I must confess I love the great ancient, Royal, aye, and aristocratic Foundations—Eton with her 'Henry's holy Shade'—why, Gray's verses were enough to endear it to me—and under the walls of his Royal Castle, all reflected in the water of old Father Thames, as he glides down the valley; and Winchester with her William of Wykeham entomb'd in the Cathedral he built beside his School—"

"And *West*minster, if you please, Doctor, under the Shadow of its glorious old Abbey, where Kings are crown'd and buried, and with Eton's own River flowing beside it in ampler proportions."

"Though not so sweet," said I. "However, excepting that fouler water—and fouler air—and some other less wholesome associations inseparable from such a City, I am quite ready to pray for your Westminster among those other 'Royal and Religious Foundations' whom the Preacher invites us to pray for at St. Mary's. But with Eton we began, you know, looking with Charles

Lamb and his Friend at the fine Lads there playing; and there I will leave them to enjoy it while they may, 'strangers yet to Pain' — and Parliament — to sublime their Beefsteak into Chivalry in that famous Cricket-field of theirs by the side of old Father Thames murmuring of so many Generations of chivalric Ancestors."

"We must call down Lycion to return thanks for *that* compliment," said Euphranor; "he is an Eton man, as were his Fathers before him, you know, and, I think, proud, as your Etonians are, of his School, in spite of his affected Indifference."

"Do you know what sort of a Lad he was while there?" said I.

"Oh, always the Gentleman."

"Perhaps somewhat too much so for a Boy."

"No, no, I do not mean that—I mean essentially honourable, truthful, and not deficient in courage, I believe, whenever it was called for; but indolent, and perhaps fonder too of the last new Novel, and the Cigar and Easy-chair, to exert himself in the way you like."

"Preparing for the Club, Opera, Opera-glass, '*Déjeuner dansant*,' etcetera, if not for active service in Parliament. Eton should provide for those indolent Children of hers."

"Well, she has provided her field, and old Father Thames, as you say, and Boys are supposed to take pretty good care of themselves in making use of them."

"Not always, however, as we see in Lycion's case, nor of others, who, if they do not 'sacrifice the Living Man to the Dead Languages,' dissipate him among the Fine Arts, Music, Poetry, Painting, and the like, in the interval. Why, did not those very Greeks of whom you make so much—and, as I believe, your modern Germans—make Gymnastic a necessary part of their education?"

"But you would not have Eton Boys compelled to climb and tumble like monkeys over gymnastic poles and gallows as we saw with Skythrops' 'Young Gentlemen'?"

"Perhaps not; but what do you say now to some good Military Drill, with March, Counter-march, Encounter, Bivouac 'Wacht am Rhein'—Encampment—that is, by Father Thames—and such-like Exercises for which Eton has ample room, and which no less a Man—although a Poet—than John Milton, enjoin'd as the proper preparation for War, and, *I* say, carrying along with them a sense of Order, Self-restraint, and Mutual Dependence, no less necessary in all the relations of Peace?"

"We might all of us have been the better for that, I suppose," said Euphranor.

"And only think," said I, "if—as in some German School—Fellenberg's, I think — there were, beside the Playground, a piece of Arable to *work in*—perhaps at a daily wage of provender according to the work done—what illumination might some young Lycion receive, as to the condition of the Poor, 'unquenchable by logic and statistics,' says Carlyle, 'when he comes, as Duke of Logwood, to legislate in Parliament."

"Better Log than Brute, however," answer'd Euphranor. "You must beware, Doctor, lest with all your Ploughing and other Beef-compelling Accomplishments you do not sink the Man in the Animal, as was much the case with our 'Hereditary Rulers' of some hundred years ago."

"'Μηδὲν ἄγαν,'" said I; "let us but lay in—when only laid in it can be—such a store of that same well-concocted stuff as shall last us all Life's journey through, with all its ups and downs. Nothing, say the Hunters, that Blood and Bone won't get over."

"Be there a good Rider to guide him!" said Euphranor; "and *that*, in Man's case, I take it is—if not yet the Reason we talked

of—a Moral such as no Beast that breathes is conscious of. You talk of this Animal virtue, and that—why, for instance, is there not a *moral*, as distinguisht from an *animal* Courage, to face, not only the sudden danger of the field, but something far-off coming, far foreseen, and far more terrible — Cranmer's, for instance——"

"Which," said I, "had all but failed—all the more honour for triumphing at last! But Hugh Latimer, I think, had wrought along with his Father's hinds in Leicestershire. Anyhow, there is no harm in having two strings to your Bow, whichever of them be the strongest. The immortal Soul, obliged, as she is, to take the Field of Mortality, would not be the worse for being mounted on a good Animal, though I must not say with the Hunters, till the Rider seems 'part of his horse.' As to your Reason—he is apt to *crane* a little too much over the hedge, as they say, till, by too long considering the '*How*,' he comes to question the '*Why*,' and, the longer looking, the less liking, shirks it altogether, or by his Indecision brings Horse and Rider into the Ditch. Hamlet lets us into the secret—luckily for us enacting the very moral he descants on—when he reflects on his own imbecility of action:

"'Whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the Event,
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part Wisdom,
And ever three parts Coward—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, '*This thing's to do,*'
Sith I have Cause, and Will, and Strength, and Means,
To do't.'

Not in his case surely '*oblivion*,' with such reminders, supernatural and other, as he had: nor as in our case, with the Ditch before our Eyes: nor want of Courage, which was his Royal inheritance; but the *Will*, which he reckon'd on as surely as on Strength and Means—was he so sure of *that?* He had previously told us how 'The native hue of Resolution'—how like that glow upon the cheek of healthy Youth!—

"'The native hue of Resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Thought,
And Enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of Action.'

He had, he tells his College Friends, forgone his '*Custom of Exercises*'—among others, perhaps, his Cricket, at Wittenberg too soon, and taken to reasoning about 'To be, or not to be'—otherwise he would surely have bowl'd his wicked uncle down at once."

"Though not without calling 'Play!' I hope," said Euphranor, laughing.

"At any rate, not while his Adversary's back was turned, and so far prepared, inasmuch as he was engaged in repentant Prayer. And that is the reason Hamlet gives for not then despatching him, lest, being so employ'd, he should escape the future punishment of his crime. An odd motive for the youthful Moral to have *reasoned* itself into."

"His Father had been cut off unprepared, and perhaps, according to the Moral of those days, could only be avenged by such a plenary Expiation."

"Perhaps; or, perhaps—and Shakespeare himself may not have known exactly why—Hamlet only made it an excuse for delaying what he had to do, as delay he does, till vengeance seems beyond his reach when he suffers himself to be sent out of the country. For you know the *Habit* of Resolving without Doing, as in the Closet, gradually snaps the connexion between them, and the case becomes chronically hopeless."

Euphranor said that I had stolen that fine Moral of mine from a Volume of "Newman's Sermons" which he had lent me, as I agreed with him was probably the case; and then he said:

"Well, Bowling down a King is, I suppose, a ticklish Business, and the Bowler may miss his aim by being too long about taking it: but, in Cricket proper, I have most wonder'd at the Batter who has to decide whether to block, strike, or tip, in that twinkling of an eye between the ball's delivery, and its arrival at his wicket."

"Yes," said I, "and the Boxer who puts in a blow with one hand at the same moment of warding one off with the other."

"'Gladiatorem in arenâ,'" said Euphranor.

"Yes; what is called '*Presence of mind*,' where there is no time to '*make it up*.' And all the more necessary and remarkable in proportion to the Danger involved. As when the Hunter's horse falling with him in full cry, he braces himself, between saddle and ground, to pitch clear of his horse—as Fielding tells us that brave old Parson Adams did, when probably thinking less of his horse than of those Sermons he carried in his saddle-bags."

"Ah!" said Euphranor, "Parson Adams was so far a lucky man to have a Horse at all, which we poor fellows now can hardly afford. I remember how I used to envy those who—for the fun, if for nothing else—followed brave old Sedgwick across country, through brier, through mire. Ah! *that* was

a Lecture after your own heart, Doctor; something more than peripatetic, and from one with plenty of the Boy in him when over Seventy, I believe."

"Well, there again," said I, "your great Schools might condescend to take another hint from abroad where some one—Fellenberg again, I think—had a Riding-house in his much poorer School, where you might learn not only to sit your horse if ever able to provide one for yourself, but also to saddle, bridle, rub him down, with the *ss'ss-s'ss'* which I fancy was heard on the morning of Agincourt—if, by the way, one horse was left in all the host."

"Well, come," said Euphranor, "the Gladiator, at any rate, is gone—and the Boxer after him—and the Hunter, I think, going after both; perhaps the very Horse he rides gradually to be put away by Steam into some Museum among the extinct Species that Man has no longer room or business for."

"Nevertheless," said I, "War is *not* gone with the Gladiator, and cannon and rifle yet leave room for hand-to-hand conflict, as may one day—which God forbid!—come to proof in our own sea-girt Island. If safe from abroad, some Ruffian may still assault you in some shady lane—nay, in your own

parlour—at home, when you have nothing but your own strong arm, and ready soul to direct it. Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. The House will take fire, the Coach will break down, the Boat will upset; is there no gentleman who can swim, to save himself and others? no one do more to save the Maid snoring in the garret, than helplessly looking on—or turning away? Some one is taken ill at midnight; John is drunk in bed; is there no Gentleman can saddle Dobbin—much less get a Collar over his Head, or the Crupper over his tail, without such awkwardness as brings on his abdomen the kick he fears, and spoils him for the journey? And I do maintain," I continued, "having now gotten 'the bit between my teeth'—maintain against all Comers that, independent of any bodily action on their part, these, and the like Accomplishments, as you call them, do carry with them, and, I will say, with the Soul incorporate, that habitual Instinct of Courage, Resolution, and Decision, which, together with the Good Humour which good animal Condition goes so far to ensure, do, I say, prepare and arm the Man not only against the greater, but against those minor Trials of Life which are so far harder to encounter because of perpetually cropping

up; and thus do cause him to radiate, if through a narrow circle, yet, through that, imperceptibly to the whole world, a happier atmosphere about him than could be inspired by Closet-loads of Poetry, Metaphysic, and Divinity. No doubt there is danger, as you say, of the Animal overpowering the Rational, as, I maintain, equally so of the reverse; no doubt the high-mettled Colt will be likeliest to run riot, as may my Lad, inflamed with Aristotle's 'Wine of Youth,' into excesses which even the virtuous Berkeley says are the more curable as lying in the Passions; whereas, says he, 'the dry Rogue who sets up for Judgment is incorrigible.' But, whatever be the result, VIGOUR, of Body, as of Spirit, one must have, subject like all good things to the worst corruption—Strength itself, even of Evil, being a kind of *Virtus* which Time, if not good Counsel, is pretty sure to moderate; whereas Weakness is the one radical and Incurable Evil, increasing with every year of Life.—Which fine Moral, or to that effect, you will also find somewhere in those Sermons, whose Authority I know you cannot doubt."

"And thus," said Euphranor, "after this long tirade, you turn out the young Knight from Cricket on the World."

"Nay," said I, "did I not tell you from

the first I would not meddle with your Digby any more than your Wordsworth? I have only been talking of ordinary mankind so as to provide for Locke's '*totus, teres,*' and—except in the matter of waistband—'*rotundus*' man, sufficiently accoutred for the campaign of ordinary Life. And yet, on second thought, I do not see why he should not do very fairly well for one of the 'Table round,' if King Arthur himself is to be looked for, and found, as the Poet says, in the 'Modern Gentleman,' whose 'stateliest port' will not be due to the Reading-desk or Easy-chair. At any rate, he will be sufficiently qualified, not only to shoot the Pheasant and hunt the Fox, but even to sit on the Bench of Magistrates—or even of Parliament—not unprovided with a quotation or two from Horace or Virgil."

Euphranor could not deny that, laughing.

"Or if obliged, poor fellow—Younger son, perhaps—to *do* something to earn him Bread—or Claret—for his Old Age, if not prematurely knocked on the head—whether not well-qualified for Soldier or Sailor?"

"Nor that."

"As for the Church, (which is your other Gentlemanly Profession,) you know your Bishop can consecrate Tom or Blifil equally by that Imposition——"

"Doctor, Doctor," broke in Euphranor, "you have been talking very well; don't spoil it by one of your grimaces."

"Well, well," said I,—"Oh, but there is still THE LAW, in which I would rather trust myself with Tom than Blifil," added I. "Well, what else? Surgery? which is said to need 'the Lion's Heart.'"

"But also the Lady's Hand," replied he, smiling.

"Not in drawing one of the Molares, I assure you. However, thus far I do not seem to have indisposed him for the Professions which his Rank usually opens to him; or perhaps even, if he had what you call a Genius in any direction, might, amid all his Beef-compelling Exercises, light upon something, as Pan a-hunting, and, as it were 'unaware' says Bacon, discover'd that Ceres whom the more seriously-searching Gods had looked for in vain."

"Not for the sake of *Rent*, I hope," said Euphranor, laughing.

"Or even a turn for looking into Digby and Aristotle, as into a Mirror—could he but distinguish his own face in it."

Euphranor, upon whose face no sign of any such self-consciousness appeared, sat for a little while silent, and then said:

"Do you remember that fine passage in

Aristophanes' Clouds—lying libel as it is—between the Δίκαιος and Ἄδικος Λόγος?"

"I had forgotten," I said, "my little Latin and less Greek:" and he declared I must however read this scene over again with him. "It is, you see, Old Athens pleading against Young; whom after denouncing, for relinquishing the hardy Discipline and simple severe Exercises that reared the Μαραθωνομάχους Ἄνδρας, for the Warm Bath, the Dance, and the Law Court; he suddenly turns to the Young Man who stands hesitating between them, and in those Verses, musical—

Ἀλλ' οὖν λιπαρός γε καὶ εὐανθὴς—"

"Come, my good fellow," said I, "you must interpret." And Euphranor, looking down, in undertone repeated:

"O listen to me, and so shall you be stout-hearted and fresh as a Daisy:
Not ready to chatter on every matter, nor bent over books till you're hazy:
No splitter of straws, no dab at the Laws, making black seem white so cunning:
But scamp'ring down out o' the town, and over the green Meadow running.
Race, wrestle, and play with your fellows so gay, like so many Birds of a feather,
All breathing of Youth, Good-humour, and Truth, in the time of the jolly Spring weather,
In the jolly Spring-time, when the Poplar and Lime dishevel their tresses together."

"Well, but go on," said I, when he stopp'd, "I am sure there is something more of it, now you recall the passage to me—about broad shoulders and——"

But this was all he had cared to remember.

I then asked him who was the translator; to which he replied with a shy smile, 'twas more a paraphrase than a translation, and I might criticize it as I liked. To which I had not much to object, I said—perhaps the trees "dishevelling their tresses" a little Cockney; which he agreed it was.[1] And then, turning off, observed how the degradation which Aristophanes satirized in the Athenian youth went on and on, so that, when Rome came to help Greece against Philip of Macedon, the Athenians, says Livy, could contribute little to the common cause but declamation and despatches—'quibus solum valent.'

"Aye," said I, "and to think that when Livy was so writing of Athens, his own Rome was just beginning to go downhill in

[1] On a subsequent reference to the original, We expanded the last line into the following Couplet—whether for better or worse:

Until with a cool reed drawn from the pool of a neighbouring Water-nymph crown'd, you
Lie stretcht at your ease in the shade of the trees that whisper above and around you.

the same way and for the same causes: when, says Horace, the Boy of gentle blood, adept enough at feats of trivial dexterity, had no seat on the Horse, nor courage to follow the Hounds: unlike those early times, when Heroic Father begot and bred Heroic Son; Generation following Generation, crown'd with Laurel and with Oak; under a system of Education, the same Livy says, handed down, as it were an Art, from the very foundation of Rome, and filling her Parliament with Generals, each equal, he rhetorically declares, to Alexander. —But come, my dear fellow," said I, jumping up, "here have I been holding forth like a little Socrates, while the day is passing over our heads. We have forgotten poor Lexilogus, who (I should not wonder) may have stolen away, like your fox, to Cambridge."

Euphranor, who seemed to linger yet awhile, nevertheless follow'd my example. On looking at my watch I saw we could not take anything like the walk we had proposed and yet be at home by their College dinner[1]; so as it was I who had wasted the day, I would stand the expense, I said, of dinner at the Inn: after which we could all return at our ease to Cambridge in the Evening. As we were leaving the

[1] Then at 3.30 p.m.

Bowling-Green, I called up to Lycion, who thereupon appeared at the Billiard-room window with his coat off, and asked him if he had nearly finish'd his Game. By way of answer, he asked us if we had done with our Ogres and Giants; whom, on the contrary, I said, we were now running away from that we might live to fight another day—would he come with us into the fields for a walk? or, if he meant to go on with his Billiards, would he dine with us on our return? "Not walk with us," he said; and when I spoke of dinner again, seemed rather to hesitate; but at last said, "Very well;" and, nodding to us, retired with his cue into the room.

Then Euphranor and I, leaving the necessary orders within, return'd a little way to look for Lexilogus, whom we soon saw, like a man of honour as he was, coming on his way to meet us. In less than a minute we had met; and he apologized for having been delay'd by one of Aunt Martha's asthma-fits, during which he had not liked to leave her.

After a brief condolence, we all three turn'd back; and I told him how, after all, Euphranor and I had play'd no Billiards, but had been arguing all the time about Digby and his books.

Lexilogus smiled, but made no remark, being naturally little given to Speech. But the day was delightful, and we walk'd briskly along the road, conversing on many topics, till a little further on we got into the fields. These—for it had been a warm May—were now almost in their Prime, (and that of the Year, Crabbe used to say, fell with the mowing,) crop-thick with Daisy, Clover, and Buttercup; and, as we went along, Euphranor, whose thoughts still ran on what we had been talking about, quoted from Chaucer whom we had lately been looking at together:

> "'Embrouded was he as it were a Mede,
> Alle ful of fresshe Floures, white and rede,'"

and added, "What a picture was that, by the way, of a young Knight!"

I had half-forgotten the passage, and Lexilogus had never read Chaucer; so I begg'd Euphranor to repeat it; which he did, with an occasional pause in his Memory, and jog from mine.

> "'With him ther was his Sone, a yonge Squier,
> A Lover, and a lusty Bacheler,
> With Lockes crull, as they were laide in presse;
> Of Twenty yere of age he was, I gesse;
> Of his Stature he was of even lengthe,
> And wonderly deliver, and grete of Strengthe;
> And he hadde be somtime in Chevachie,

In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his Ladies grace.
Embrouded was he as it were a Mede,
Alle ful of fresshe Floures, white and rede;
Singing he was, or floyting alle the day;
He was as fresshe as is the moneth of May:
Short was his Goune, with sleves long and wide,
Wel coude he sitte on Hors, and fayre ride;
He coude Songes make, and well endite,
Juste, and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slep no more than doth the Nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf before his Fader at the table.'

"Chaucer, however," said Euphranor, when he had finished the passage, "credited his young Squire with other Accomplishments than you would trust him with, Doctor. See, he dances, draws, and even indites songs—somewhat of a Dilettante, after all."

"But also," I added, "is of 'grete Strengthe,' 'coude fayre ride,' having already 'borne him wel in Chevachie.' Besides," continued I, (who had not yet subsided, I suppose, from the long swell of my former sententiousness,) "in those days, you know, there was scarce any Reading, which now, for better or worse, occupies so much of our time; Men left that to Clerk and Schoolman; contented, as we before agreed, to follow their bidding to Pilgrimage and Holy

war. Some of those gentler Accomplishments may then have been needed to soften manners, just as rougher ones to strengthen ours. And, long after that, Sir Philip Sidney might well indulge in a little Sonneteering, amid all those public services which ended at Zutfen; as later on, in the Stuart days, Lord Dorset troll off—'*To all you Ladies now on Land*,' from the Fleet that was just going into Action off the coast of Holland."

"Even Master Samuel Pepys," said Euphranor, laughing, "might sit with a good grace down to practise his '*Beauty retire*,' after riding to Huntingdon and back, as might Parson Adams have done many years after."

"They were both prefigured among those Canterbury Pilgrims so many years before," said I. "Only think of it! Some nine-and-twenty, I think, 'by aventure yfalle in felawship,' High and Low, Rich and Poor, Saint and Sinner, Cleric and Lay, Knight, Ploughman, Prioress, Wife of Bath, Shipman, hunting Abbot-like Monk, Poor Parson —(Adams' Progenitor)—Webster (Pepys') —on rough-riding 'Stot' or ambling Palfrey, marshall'd by mine Host of the Tabard to the music of the Miller's Bag-pipes, on their sacred errand to St. Thomas'; and one

among them taking note of all in Verse still fresh as the air of those Kentish hills they travelled over on that April morning four hundred years ago."

"Lydgate too, I remember," said Euphranor, "tells of Chaucer's good-humour'd encouragement of his Brother-poets — I cannot now recollect the lines," he added, after pausing a little.[1]

"A famous Man of Business too," said I, "employ'd by Princes at home and abroad. And ready to fight as to write; having, he says, when some City people had accused him of Untruth, 'prepared his body for Mars his doing, if any contraried his saws.'"

"A Poet after your own heart, Doctor, sound in wind and limb, Mind and Body. In general, however, they are said to be a sickly, irritable, inactive, and solitary race."

"Not our 'Canterbury Pilgrim' for one," said I; "no, nor his successor, William Shakespeare, who, after a somewhat roving

[1] The verses Euphranor could not remember are these:

"For Chaucer that my Master was, and knew
What did belong to writing Verse and Prose,
Ne'er stumbled at small faults, nor yet did view
With scornful eyes the works and books of those
That in his time did write, nor yet would taunt
At any man, to fear him or to daunt."

Knighthood in the country, became a Player, Play-wright, and Play-manager in London, where, after managing (as not all managers do) to make a sufficient fortune, he returned home again to settle in his native Stratford—whither by the way he had made occasional Pilgrimages before—on horseback, of course—putting up—for the night—at the Angel of Oxford—about which some stories are told——"

"As fabulous as probably those of his poaching in earlier days," said Euphranor.

"Well, however that may be — and I constantly believe in the poaching part of the Story — to Stratford he finally retired, where he built a house, and planted Mulberries, and kept company with John-a-Combe, and the neighbouring Knights and Squire — except perhaps the Lucys — as merrily as with the Wits of London; all the while supplying his own little 'Globe'— and, from it, 'the Great globe itself,' with certain manuscripts, in which (say his Fellow-players and first Editors) Head and hand went so easily together as scarce to leave a blot on the pages they travell'd over."

"Somewhat resembling Sir Walter Scott's, I think," said Euphranor, "in that love for Country home, and Country neighbour—aye, and somewhat also in that easy inter-

course between Head and hand in composition which those who knew them tell of —however unequal in the result. Do you remember Lockhart's saying how glibly Sir Walter's pen was heard to canter over the paper, before 'Atra Cura' saddled herself behind him?"

"Ah, yes," said I; "'Magician of the North' they call'd him in my own boyish days; and such he is to me now; though maybe not an Archi-magus like him of Stratford, to set me down in Rome, Athens, Egypt, with their Heroes, Heroines, and Commoners, moving and talking as living men and women about me, howsoever 'larger than human' through the breath of Imagination in which he has clothed them."

"Somebody — your Carlyle, I believe," said Euphranor, "lays it down that Sir Walter's Characters are in general fashioned from without to within — the reverse of Shakespeare's way—and Nature's."

"What," said I, "according to old Sartor's theory, beginning from the over-coat of temporary Circumstance, through the temporary Tailor's 'Just-au-corps,' till arriving at such centre of Humanity as may lie within the bodily jerkin we talk'd of?"

"Something of that sort, I suppose," said Euphranor; "but an you love me,

Doctor, no more of that odious old jerkin, whether Sterne's or Carlyle's."

"Well," said I, "if the Sartor's charge hold good, it must lie against the Heroes and Heroines of the later, half-historical, Romances; in which, nevertheless, are scenes where our Elizabeth, and James, and Lewis of France figure, that seem to me as good in Character and Circumstance as any in that Henry the Eighth, which has always till quite lately been accepted for Shakespeare's. But Sartor's self will hardly maintain his charge against the Deanses, Dumbiedykes, Ochiltrees, Bailies, and others of the bonâ-fide *Scotch* Novels, with the likes of whom Scott fell 'in felawship' from a Boy, riding about the country—'born to be a trooper,' he said of himself; no, nor with the Bradwardines, Balfours, Maccombicks, Macbriars, and others, Highlander, Lowlander, Royalist, Roundhead, Churchman, or Covenanter, whom he animated with the true Scottish blood which ran in himself as well as in those he lived among, and so peopled those Stories which are become Household History to us. I declare that I scarce know whether Macbeth's blasted heath would move me more than did the first sight of the Lammermoor Hills when I rounded the Scottish

coast on first going to Edinburgh; or of that ancient 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' when I got there. But the domestic Tragedy naturally comes more nearly home to the bosom of your Philistine."

"Sir Walter's stately neighbour across the Tweed," said Euphranor, "took no great account of his Novels, and none at all of his Verse—though, by the way, he did call him 'Great Minstrel of the Border' after re-visiting Yarrow in his company; perhaps he meant it only of the Minstrelsy which Scott collected, you know."

"Wordsworth?" said I—"a man of the Milton rather than of the Chaucer and Shakespeare type—without humour, like the rest of his Brethren of the Lake."

"Not but he loves Chaucer as much as you can, Doctor, for those fresh touches of Nature, and tenderness of Heart—insomuch that he has re-cast the Jew of Lincoln's Story into a form more available for modern readers."

"And successfully?"

"Ask Lexilogus—Ah! I forget that he never read Chaucer; but I know that he loves Wordsworth next to his own Cowper."

Lexilogus believed that he liked the Poem in question, but he was not so familiar with it as with many other of Wordsworth's pieces.

"Ah, you and I, Euphranor," said I, "must one day teach Lexilogus the original before he is become too great a Don to heed such matters."

Lexilogus smiled, and Euphranor said that before that time came, Lexilogus and he would teach me in return to love Wordsworth more than I did—or pretended to do. Not only the Poet, but the Man, he said, who loved his Home as well as Shakespeare and Scott loved theirs—aye, and his Country Neighbours too, though perhaps in a sedater way; and, as so many of his Poems show, as sensible as Sir Walter of the sterling virtues of the Mountaineers and Dalesmen he lived among, though, maybe, not of their humour.

"Was he not also pretty exact in his office of stamp-distributor among them?" asked I.

"Come, you must not quarrel, Doctor, with the Business which, as with Chaucer and Shakespeare, may have kept the Poetic Element in due proportion with the rest—including, by the way, such a store of your Animal, laid in from constant climbing the mountain, and skating on the lake, that he may still be seen, I am told, at near upon Eighty, travelling with the shadow of the cloud up Helvellyn."

"Bravo, Old Man of the Mountains!"

said I. "But, nevertheless, it would not have been amiss with him had he been sent earlier, and further, from his mountain-mother's lap, and had some of his—conceit, I must not call it—Pride, then—taken out of him by a freer intercourse with men."

"I suppose," said Euphranor, again laughing, "you would knock a young Apollo about like the rest of us common pottery?"

"I think I *should* send young Wordsworth to that Military Drill of ours, and see if some rough-riding would not draw some of that dangerous Sensibility which 'young Edwin' is apt to mistake for poetical Genius."

"Gray had more than that in him, I know," said Euphranor; "but I doubt what might have become of his poetry had such been the discipline of his Eton day."

"Perhaps something better — perhaps nothing at all—and *he* the happier man."

"But not *you*, Doctor—for the loss of his Elegy—with all your talk."

"No; I am always remembering, and always forgetting it; remembering, I mean, the several stanzas, and forgetting how they link together; partly, perhaps, because of each being so severally elaborated. Neither Yeomanry Drill—nor daily Plough—drove the Muse out of Burns."

"Nor the Melancholy neither, for that

matter," said Euphranor. "Those 'Banks and braes' of his could not bestow on him even the 'momentary joy' which those Eton fields 'beloved in vain' breathed into the heart of Gray."

"Are you not forgetting," said I, "that Burns was not then singing of himself, but of some forsaken damsel, as appears by the second stanza? which few, by the way, care to remember. As unremember'd it may have been," I continued, after a pause, "by the only living—and like to live—Poet I had known, when, so many years after, he found himself beside that 'bonnie Doon' and—whether it were from recollection of poor Burns, or of 'the days that are no more' which haunt us all, I know not—I think he did not know—but, he somehow 'broke' as he told me, 'broke into a passion of tears.'—Of tears, which during a pretty long and intimate intercourse, I had never seen glisten in his eye but once, when reading Virgil—'dear old Virgil,' as he call'd him—together: and then of the burning of Troy in the Second Æneid—whether moved by the catastrophe's self, or the majesty of the Verse it is told in—or, as before, scarce knowing why. For, as King Arthur shall bear witness, no young Edwin he, though, as a great Poet, comprehending all the

softer stops of human Emotion in that Register where the Intellectual, no less than what is call'd the Poetical, faculty predominated. As all who knew him know, a Man at all points, Euphranor—like your Digby, of grand proportion and feature, significant of that inward Chivalry, becoming his ancient and honourable race; when himself a 'Yongé Squire,' like him in Chaucer 'of grete strength,' that could hurl the crow-bar further than any of the neighbouring clowns, whose humours, as well as of their betters,—Knight, Squire, Landlord and Land-tenant,—he took quiet note of, like Chaucer himself. Like your Wordsworth on the Mountain, he too, when a Lad, abroad on the Wold; sometimes of a night with the Shepherd; watching not only the Flock on the greensward, but also

> "'The fleecy Star that bears
> Andromeda far off Atlantic seas'

along with those other Zodiacal constellations which Aries, I think, leads over the field of Heaven. He then observed also some of those uncertain phenomena of Night: unsurmised apparitions of the Northern Aurora, by some shy glimpses of which no winter —no, nor even summer—night, he said, was utterly unvisited; and those strange voices, whether of creeping brook, or copses

muttering to themselves far off—perhaps the yet more impossible Sea—together with 'other sounds we know not whence they come,' says Crabbe, but all inaudible to the ear of Day. He was not then, I suppose, unless the Word spontaneously came upon him, thinking how to turn what he saw and heard into Verse; a premeditation that is very likely to defeat itself, previously breathing, as it were, upon the mirror which is to receive the Image that most assuredly flashes Reality into words."[1]

Something to this effect I said, though, were it but for lack of walking breath, at no so long-winded a stretch of eloquence. And then Euphranor, whose lungs were in so much better order than mine, though I had left him so little opportunity for using them, took up where I left off, and partly read, and partly told us of a delightful passage from his Godefridus, to this effect, that, if the Poet could not invent, neither could his Reader understand him, when he told of Ulysses and Diomed listening to the crane clanging in the marsh by night, without

[1] The sentence originally stood thus:

"For is not what we call *Poetry* said to be an Inspiration, which, if not kindling at the sudden collision, or recollection, of Reality, will yet less be quicken'd by anticipation, howsoever it may be controll'd by afterthought?"

having *experienced* something of the sort. And so we went on, partly in jest, partly in earnest, drawing Philosophers of all kinds into the same net in which we had entangled the Poet and his Critic—How the Moralist who worked alone in his closet was apt to mismeasure Humanity, and be very angry when the cloth he cut out for him would not fit—how the best Histories were written by those who themselves had been actors in them—Gibbon, one of the next best, I believe, recording how the discipline of the Hampshire Militia he served as Captain in —how odd he must have looked in the uniform!—enlighten'd him as to the evolutions of a Roman Legion—And so on a great deal more; till, suddenly observing how the sun had declined from his meridian, I look'd at my watch, and ask'd my companions did not they begin to feel hungry, like myself? They agreed with me; and we turn'd homeward: and as Lexilogus had hitherto borne so little part in the conversation, I began to question him about Herodotus and Strabo, (whose books I had seen lying open upon his table,) and drew from him some information about the courses of the Nile and the Danube, and the Geography of the Old World: till, all of a sudden, our conversation skipt from Olympus,

I think, to the hills of Yorkshire—our own old hills—and the old friends and neighbours who dwelt among them. And as we were thus talking, we heard what seemed to us the galloping of Horses behind us, (for we were now again upon the road,) and, looking back as they were just coming up, I recognised Phidippus for one of the riders, with two others whom I did not know. I held up my hand, and call'd out to him as he was passing; and Phidippus, drawing up his Horse all snorting and agitated with her arrested course, wheel'd back and came alongside of us.

I ask'd him what he was about, galloping along the road; I thought scientific men were more tender of their horses' legs and feet. But the roads, he said, were quite soft with the late rains; and they were only trying each other's speed for a mile or so.

By this time his two companions had pulled up some way forward, and were calling him to come on; but he said, laughing, "they had quite enough of it," and address'd himself with many a "Steady!" and "So! So!" to pacify Miss Middleton, as he called her, who still caper'd, plung'd, and snatch'd at her bridle; his friends shouting louder and louder—"Why the Devil he didn't come on?"

He waved his hand to them in return; and with a "Confound" and "Deuce take the Fellow," they set off away toward the town. On which Miss Middleton began afresh, plunging, and blowing out a peony nostril after her flying fellows; until, what with their dwindling in distance, and some expostulation address'd to her by her Master as to a fractious Child, she seem'd to make up her mind to the indignity, and composed herself to go pretty quietly beside us.

I then asked him did he not remember Lexilogus, — (Euphranor he had already recognised,)—and Phidippus who really had not hitherto seen who it was, (Lexilogus looking shyly down all the while,) call'd out heartily to him, and wheeling his mare suddenly behind us, took hold of his hand, and began to inquire about his family in Yorkshire.

"One would suppose," said I, "you two fellows had not met for years."

"It was true," Phidippus said, "they did not meet as often as he wish'd; but Lexilogus would not come to his rooms, and he did not like to disturb Lexilogus at his books; and so the time went on."

I then inquired about his own reading, which, though not much, was not utterly neglected, it seemed; and he said he had

meant to ask one of us to beat something into his stupid head this summer in Yorkshire.

Lexilogus, I knew, meant to stop at Cambridge all the long Vacation; but Euphranor said he should be at home, for anything he then knew, and they could talk the matter over when the time came. We then again fell to talking of our County; and among other things I asked Phidippus if his horse were Yorkshire,—of old famous for its breed, as well as of Riders,—and how long he had had her, and so forth.

Yorkshire she was, a present from his Father, "and a great pet," he said, bending down his head, which Miss Middleton answered by a dip of hers, shaking the bit in her mouth, and breaking into a little canter, which however was easily suppress'd.

"Miss Middleton?" said I—"what, by Bay Middleton out of Coquette, by Tomboy out of High-Life Below-Stairs, right up to Mahomet and his Mares?"

"Right," he answered, laughing, "as far as Bay Middleton was concerned."

"But, Phidippus," said I, "she's as black as a coal!"

"And so was her Dam, a Yorkshire Mare," he answered; which, I said, saved the credit of all parties. Might she perhaps be

descended from our famous "Yorkshire Jenny," renowned in Newmarket Verse? But Phidippus had never heard of "Yorkshire Jenny," nor of the Ballad, which I promised to acquaint him with, if he would stop on his way back, and dine with us at Chesterton, where his Mare might have her Dinner too —all of us Yorkshiremen except Lycion, whom he knew a little of. There was to be a Boat-race, however, in the evening, which Phidippus said he must leave us to attend, if dine with us he did; for though not one of the Crew on this occasion, (not being one of the best,) he must yet see his own Trinity keep the head of the River. As to that, I said, we were all bound the same way, which indeed Euphranor had proposed before; and so the whole affair was settled.

As we went along, I began questioning him concerning some of those Equestrian difficulties which Euphranor and I had been talking of: all which Phidippus thought was only my usual banter—"he was no Judge—I must ask older hands," and so forth—until we reach'd the Inn, when I begg'd Euphranor to order dinner at once, while I and Lexilogus accompanied Phidippus to the Stable. There, after giving his mare in charge to the hostler with due directions as to her toilet and table, he took off her saddle and bridle himself,

and adjusted the head-stall. Then, follow'd out of the stable by her flaming eye and pointed ears, he too pausing a moment on the threshold to ask me, "was she not a Beauty?" (for he persisted in the delusion of my knowing more of the matter than I chose to confess,) we cross'd over into the house.

There, having wash'd our hands and faces, we went up into the Billiard-room, where we found Euphranor and Lycion playing,—Lycion very lazily, like a man who had already too much of it, but yet nothing better to do. After a short while, the girl came to tell us all was ready; and, after that slight hesitation as to precedence which Englishmen rarely forget on the least ceremonious occasions,—Lexilogus, in particular, pausing timidly at the door, and Euphranor pushing him gently forward,—we got down to the little Parlour, very airy and pleasant, with its windows opening on the bowling-green, the table laid with a clean white cloth, and upon that a dish of smoking beef-steak, at which I, as master of the Feast, and, as Euphranor slyly intimated, otherwise entitled, sat down to officiate. For some time the clatter of knife and fork, and the pouring of ale, went on, mix'd with some conversation among the young men about

College matters: till Lycion began to tell us of a gay Ball he had lately been at, and of the Families there; among whom he named three young Ladies from a neighbouring County, by far the handsomest women present, he said.

"And very accomplish'd too, I am told," said Euphranor.

"Oh, as for that," replied Lycion, "they *Valse* very well." He hated "your accomplished women," he said.

"Well, there," said Euphranor, "I suppose the Doctor will agree with you."

I said, that certainly *Valsing* would be no great use to me personally—unless, as some Lady of equal size and greater rank had said, I could meet with a concave partner.

"One knows so exactly," said Lycion, "what the Doctor would choose,—a woman

> "'Well versed in the Arts
> Of Pies, Puddings, and Tarts,'

as one used to read of somewhere, I remember."

"Not forgetting," said I, "the being able to help in compounding a pill or a plaister; which I dare say your Great-grandmother knew something about, Lycion, for in those days, you know, Great ladies studied Simples. Well, so I am fitted,—as Lycion is to be

with one who can *Valse* through life with him."

"'And follow so the ever-rolling Year
With profitable labour to their graves,'"

added Euphranor, laughing.

"I don't want to marry her," said Lycion testily.

"Then Euphranor," said I, "will advertise for a 'Strong-minded' Female, able to read Plato with him, and Wordsworth, and Digby, and become a Mother of Heroes. As to Phidippus there is no doubt—Diana Vernon—"

But Phidippus disclaimed any taste for Sporting ladies.

"Well, come," said I, passing round a bottle of sherry I had just call'd for, "every man to his liking, only all of you taking care to secure the accomplishments of Health and Good-humour."

"Ah! there it is, out at last!" cried Euphranor, clapping his hands; "I knew the Doctor would choose for us as Frederick for his Grenadiers."

"So you may accommodate me," said I, "with a motto from another old Song whenever my time comes;

"'Give Isaac the Nymph who no beauty can boast,
But Health and Good-humour to make her his toast.'

Well, every man to his fancy—Here's to mine!—And when we have finish'd the bottle, which seems about equal to one more errand round the table, we will adjourn, if you like, to the Bowling-green, which Euphranor will tell us was the goodly custom of our Forefathers, and I can recommend as a very wholesome after-dinner exercise."

"Not, however, till we have the Doctor's famous Ballad about Miss Middleton's possible Great-Great-Grandmother," cried Euphranor, "by way of Pindaric close to this Heroic entertainment, sung from the Chair, who probably composed it——"

"As little as could sing it," I assured him.

"Oh, I remember, it was the Jockey who rode her!"

"Perhaps only his Helper," answered I; "such bad grammar, and rhyme, and altogether want of what your man—how do you call him—G. O. E. T. H. E.—'*Gewty*,' will that do?—calls, I believe, *Art*."

"Who nevertheless once declares," said Euphranor, "that the Ballad was scarcely possible but to those who simply saw with their Eyes, heard with their Ears—and, I really think he said, fought with their fists, —I suppose also felt with their hearts—without any notion of '*Art*'—although Goethe himself, Schiller, and Rückert, and

other of your æsthetic Germans, Doctor, have latterly done best in that line, I believe."

"Better than Cowper's 'Royal George,'" said I, "where every word of the narrative *tells*, as from a Seaman's lips?"

"*That* is something before our time, Doctor."

"Better then than some of Campbell's which follow'd it? or some of Sir Walter's? or 'The Lord of Burleigh,' which is later than all? But enough that my poor Jock may chance to sing of his Mare as well as Shenstone of his Strephon and Delia."

"Or more modern Bards of Cocles in the Tiber, or Regulus in the Tub," said Euphranor.—"But come! Song from the Chair!" he call'd out, tapping his glass on the table, which Phidippus echoed with his.

So with a prelusive "Well then," I began—

"'I'll sing you a Song, and a merry, merry Song'—

By the way, Phidippus, what an odd notion of merriment is a Jockey's, if this Song be a sample. I think I have observed they have grave, taciturn faces, especially when old, which they soon get to look. Is this from much wasting, to carry little Flesh—and large —Responsibility?"

"Doctor, Doctor, leave your—faces, and begin!" interrupted Euphranor. "I must call the Chair to Order."

Thus admonish'd, with some slight interpolations, (to be jump'd by the Æsthetic,) I repeated the poor Ballad which, dropt I know not how nor when into my ear, had managed, as others we had talk'd of, to chink itself in some corner of a memory that should have been occupied with other professional jargon than a "Jockey's."

I.

"I'll sing you a Song, and a merry, merry Song,
Concerning our Yorkshire Jen;
Who never yet ran with Horse or Mare,
That ever she cared for a pin.

II.

When first she came to Newmarket town,
The Sportsmen all view'd her around;
All the cry was, 'Alas, poor wench,
Thou never can run this ground!'

III.

When they came to the starting-post,
The Mare look'd very smart;
And let them all say what they will,
She never lost her start—

—which I don't quite understand, by the way: do you, Lycion?"—No answer.

IV.

"When they got to the Two-mile post
Poor Jenny was cast behind:
She was cast behind, she was cast behind,
All for to take her wind.

V.

When they got to the Three-mile post,
The mare look'd very pale—

(Phidippus!"—His knee moved under the table—)

"SHE LAID DOWN HER EARS ON HER BONNY NECK,
AND BY THEM ALL DID SHE SAIL;

VI. (*Accelerando.*)

'Come follow me, come follow me,
All you who run so neat;
And ere that you catch me again,
I'll make you well to sweat.'

VII. (*Grandioso.*)

When she got to the Winning-post,
The people all gave a shout:
And Jenny click'd up her Lily-white foot,
And jump'd like any Buck.

VIII.

The Jockey said to her, 'This race you have run,
This race for me you have got;
You could gallop it all over again,
When the rest could hardly trot!'

"They were Four-mile Heats in those days, you see, would pose your modern

Middletons, though Miss Jenny, laying back her ears—away from catching the Wind, some think—and otherwise '*pale*,' with the distended vein and starting sinew of that Three-mile crisis, nevertheless on coming triumphantly in, click'd up that lily-white foot of hers, (of which *one*, I have heard say, is as good a sign, as all four white are a bad,) and could, as the Jockey thought, have gallop'd it all over again—Can't you see him, Phidippus, for once forgetful of his professional stoicism, (but I don't think Jockeys were quite so politic then,) bending forward to pat the bonny Neck that measured the Victory, as he rides her slowly back to the—*Weighing-house*, is it—? follow'd by the scarlet-coated Horsemen and shouting People of those days?—all silent, and pass'd away for ever now, unless from the memory of one pursy Doctor, who, were she but alive, would hardly know Jenny's head from her tail—And now will you have any more wine?" said I, holding up the empty decanter.

Phidippus, hastily finishing his glass, jump'd up; and, the others following him with more or less alacrity, we all sallied forth on the Bowling-green. As soon as there, Lycion of course pull'd out his Cigar-case, (which he had eyed, I saw, with

really good-humoured resignation during the Ballad,) and offer'd it all round, telling Phidippus he could recommend the contents as some of Pontet's best. But Phidippus did not smoke, he said; which, together with his declining to bet on the Boat-race, caused Lycion, I thought, to look on him with some indulgence.

And now Jack was rolled upon the green; and I bowl'd after him first, pretty well; then Euphranor still better; then Lycion, with great indifference, and indifferent success; then Phidippus, who about rivall'd me; and last of all, Lexilogus, whom Phidippus had been instructing in the mystery of the bias with some little side-rolls along the turf, and who, he said, only wanted a little practice to play as well as the best of us.

Meanwhile, the shadows lengthen'd along the grass, and after several bouts of play, Phidippus, who had to ride round by Cambridge, said he must be off in time to see his friends start. We should soon follow, I said; and Euphranor asked him to his rooms after the race. But Phidippus was engaged to sup with his crew.

"Where you will all be drunk," said I.

"No; there," said he, "you are quite mistaken, Doctor."

"Well, well," I said, "away, then, to your race and your supper."

"Μετὰ σώφρονος ἡλικιώτου," added Euphranor, smiling.

"Μετὰ, 'with,' or 'after,'" said Phidippus, putting on his gloves.

"Well, go on, Sir," said I,—"Σώφρονος?"

"A temperate—something or other—"

"'Ηλικιώτου?"

"Supper?"—he hesitated, smiling—"'After a temperate supper?'"

"Go down, Sir; go down this instant!" I roar'd out to him as he ran from the bowling-green. And in a few minutes we heard his mare's feet shuffling over the stable threshold, and directly afterwards breaking into a retreating canter beyond.

Shortly after this, the rest of us agreed it was time to be gone. We walk'd along the fields by the Church, (purposely to ask about the sick Lady by the way,) cross'd the Ferry, and mingled with the crowd upon the opposite shore; Townsmen and Gownsmen, with the tassell'd Fellow-commoner sprinkled here and there—Reading men and Sporting men—Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges, not indifferent to the prowess of their respective Crews—all these, conversing on all sorts of topics, from the slang in *Bell's Life* to the last new German Revelation, and

moving in ever-changing groups down the shore of the river, at whose farther bend was a little knot of Ladies gathered up on a green knoll faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting sun. Beyond which point was at length heard some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until "They are off—they are coming!" suspended other conversation among ourselves; and suddenly the head of the first boat turn'd the corner; and then another close upon it; and then a third; the crews pulling with all their might compacted into perfect rhythm; and the crowd on shore turning round to follow along with them, waving hats and caps, and cheering, "Bravo, St John's!" "Go it, Trinity!"—the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all—until, the boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of spectators, and hurried back toward the goal; where we arrived just in time to see the Ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the Eagle of St John's soaring there instead. Then, waiting a little while to hear how the winner had won, and the loser lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his defeated brethren, I took

Euphranor and Lexilogus under either arm, (Lycion having got into better company elsewhere,) and walk'd home with them across the meadow leading to the town, whither the dusky troops of Gownsmen with all their confused voices seem'd as it were evaporating in the twilight, while a Nightingale began to be heard among the flowering Chestnuts of Jesus.

PREFACE TO POLONIUS.

[1852.]

FEW books are duller than books of Aphorisms and Apophthegms. A Jest-book is, proverbially, no joke; a Wit-book, perhaps, worse; but dullest of all, probably, is the Moral-book, which this little volume pretends to be. So with men: the Jester, the Wit, and the Moralist, each wearisome in proportion as each deals exclusively in his one commodity. "Too much of one thing," says Fuller, "is good for nothing."

Bacon's "Apophthegms" seem to me the best collection of many men's sayings; the greatest variety of wisdom, good sense, wit, humour, and even simple "naïveté," (as one must call it for want of a native word,) all told in a style whose dignity and antiquity (together with perhaps our secret consciousness of the gravity and even tragic greatness

of the narrator) add a particular humour to the lighter stories.

Johnson said Selden's Table-talk was worth all the French "Ana" together. Here also we find wit, humour, fancy, and good sense alternating, something as one has heard in some scholarly English gentleman's after-dinner talk—the best English common-sense in the best common English. It outlives, I believe, all Selden's books; and is probably much better, collected even imperfectly by another, than if he had put it together himself.

What would become of Johnson if Boswell had not done as much for his talk? If the Doctor himself, or some of his more serious admirers, had recorded it!

And (leaving alone Epictetus, à Kempis, and other Moral aphorists) most of the collections of this nature I have seen, are made up mainly from Johnson and the Essayists of the last century, his predecessors and imitators; when English thought and language had lost so much of their vigour, freshness, freedom, and picturesqueness—so much, in short, of their native character, under the French polish that came in with the second Charles. When one lights upon, "He who"—"The man who"—"Of all the virtues that adorn the breast"—&c.,—

one is tempted to swear, with Sir Peter Teazle, against all "*sentiment*," and shut the book. How glad should we be to have Addison's Table-talk as we have Johnson's! and how much better are Spence's Anecdotes of Pope's Conversation than Pope's own letters!

If a scanty reader could, for the use of yet scantier readers than himself, put together a few sentences of the wise, and also of the less wise,—(and Tom Tyers said a good thing or two in his day,[1])—from Plato, Bacon, Rochefoucauld, Goethe, Carlyle, and others,—a little Truth, new or old, each after his kind—nay, of Truism too, (into which all truth must ultimately be dogs-eared,) and which, perhaps, "the wit of one, and the wisdom of many," has preserved in the shape of some nameless and dateless Proverbs which yet "retain life and vigour," and widen into new relations with the widening world—

[1] "Tom Tyers," said Johnson, "describes me best, 'a ghost who never speaks till spoken to.' Another sentence in Tom's 'Resolutions' still remains in my memory, 'Mem.—to think more of the living and less of the dead; for the dead have a world of their own.'" Tom was the original of Tom Restless in the Rambler, a literary gossip about London in those days, author of Anecdotes of Pope, Addison, Johnson, &c. Johnson used to say of him, "I never see Tom but he tells me something I did not know before."

Not a book of *Beauties*—other than as all who have the best to tell, have also naturally the best way of telling it; nor of the "limbs and outward flourishes" of Truth, however eloquent; but in general, and as far as I understand, of clear, decided, wholesome, and available insight into our nature and duties. "Brevity is the soul of *Wit*," in a far wider sense than as we now use the word. "As the centre of the greatest circle," says Sir Edward Coke, "is but a little prick, so the matter of even the biggest business lies in a little room." So the "Sentences of the Seven" are said to be epitomes of whole systems of philosophy: which also Carlyle says is the case with many a homely proverb. Anyhow that famous Μηδὲν ἄγαν, the boundary law of Goodness itself, as of all other things, (if one could only know how to apply it,) brings one up with a wholesome halt every now and then, and no where more fitly than in a book of this kind, though, as usual, I am just now violating in the very act of vindicating it.[1]

[1] These oracular Truisms are some of them as impracticable as more elaborate Truths. Who will do "too much" if he knows it *is* "too much"? "Know thyself" is far easier said than done; and might not a passage like the following make one suppose Shakspeare

The grand Truisms of life only life itself is said to bring to life. We hear them from grandam and nurse, write them in copy-books, but only understand them as years turn up occasions for practising or experiencing them. Nay, the longest and most eventful life scarce suffices to teach us the most important of all. It is Death, says Sir Walter Raleigh, "that puts into a man all the wisdom of the world without

had Bacon in his eye as the original Polonius, if the dates tallied?

"He that seeketh victory over his nature, let him not set himself too great, nor too small, tasks; for the first will make him dejected by often failings, and the second will make him a small proceeder, though by often prevailings. And at the first let him practise with helps, as swimmers do with bladders or rushes; but after a time let him practise with disadvantages, as dancers do with thick shoes. For it breeds great perfection if the practice be harder than the use. Where nature is mighty, and therefore the victory hard, the degrees had need be, first, to stay and arrest nature in time: like to him that would say over the four and twenty letters when he was angry; then to go less in quantity, as if one should, in forbearing wine, come from drinking healths to a draught at a meal," &c. [Essay 38.]

If all chance of controlling nature depended on advice like this! What *is* too great for a man's nature?—what too little? what *are* bladders, and what thick shoes? *when* is one to throw off one and take the other? He was a more effectual philosopher who thought of repeating the alphabet when he was angry; though it is not every man who knows when he is that.

speaking a word." Only when we have to part with a thing do we feel its value—unless indeed *after* we have parted with it—a very serious consideration.

When Sir Walter Scott lay dying, he called for his son-in-law, and while the Tweed murmured through the woods, and a September sun lit up the towers, whose growth he had watched so eagerly, said to him, "Be a good man; only that can comfort you when you come to lie here!" "*Be a good man!*" To that threadbare Truism shrunk all that gorgeous tapestry of written and real Romance!

"You knew all this," wrote Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, rallying for a little while from his final attack—"You knew all this, and I thought that I knew it too: but I know it now with a new conviction."

Perhaps, next to realizing all this in our own lives, (when just too late,) we become most sensible of it in reading the lives and deaths of others, such as Scott's and Johnson's; when we see all the years of life, with all their ambitions, loves, animosities, schemes of action—all the "curas supervacuas, spes inanes, et inexspectatos exitus hujus fugacissimæ vitæ"[1]—summed up in a volume or two; and what seemed

[1] [See Petrarch's Inscription in his Virgil.]

so long a history to them, but a Winter's Tale to us.

Death itself was no Truism to Adam and Eve, nor to many of their successors, I suppose; nay, some of their very latest descendants, it is said, have doubted if it be an inevitable necessity of life: others, with more probability, whether a man can fully comprehend its inevitableness till life itself be half over; beginning to believe he must Die about the same time he begins to believe he is a Fool.

> "As are the leaves on the trees, even so are man's generations;
> This is the truest verse ever a poet has sung:
> Nevertheless few hearing it hear; Hope, flattering alway,
> Lives in the bosom of all—reigns in the blood of the Young."

"And why," says the note-book of one 'nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,' "does one day still linger in my memory? I had started one fine October morning on a ramble through the villages that lie beside the Ouse. In high health and cloudless spirits, one regret perhaps hanging upon the horizon of the heart, I walked through Sharnbrook up the hill, and paused by the church on the summit to look about me. The sun shone, the clouds flew, the yellow

trees shook in the wind, the river rippled in breadths of light and dark; rooks and daws wheeled and cawed aloft in the changing spaces of blue above the spire; the churchyard all still in the sunshine below."

Old Shallow was not very sensible of Death even when moralizing about old Double's—"Certain, 'tis very certain, Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all—all shall die—How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?"

Could we but on our journey hear the Truisms of life called out to us, not by Chapone, Cogan, &c., but by such a voice as called out to Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad, when they were about to part in the forest —"Thynke for to doo wel; for the one shall never see the other before the dredeful day of dome!"

Our ancestors were fond of such monitory Truisms inscribed upon dials, clocks, and fronts of buildings; as that of "Time and Tide tarry for no man," still to be seen on the Temple sundial; and that still sterner one I have read of, "Go about your business"[1] —not even moralizing upon me. I dare say those who came suddenly and unaware upon the Γνῶθι Σεαυτόν over the Delphian temple were brought to a stand for a while,

[1] [On St. James's Church, Bury St Edmund's.]

some thrown back into themselves by it, others (and those probably much the greater number) seeing nothing at all in it.

The parapet balustrade round the roof of Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire, is carved into the letters, "NISI DOMINUS CUSTODIAT DOMUM, FRUSTRA VIGILAT QUI CUSTODIT EAM." This is not amiss to decipher as you come up the long avenue some summer or autumn day, and to moralize upon afterwards at the little "Rose and Crown" at Yardley, if such good Homebrewed be there as used to be before I knew I was to die.[1]

We move away the grass from a tombstone, itself half buried, to get at any trite memento of mortality, where it preaches more to us than many new volumes of hot-pressed

[1] "A party of us were looking one autumn afternoon at a country church. Over the western door was a clock with, 'THE HOUR COMETH,' written in gold, upon it. Polonius proceeded to explain, rather lengthily, what a good inscription it was. 'But not very apposite,' said Rosencrantz, 'seeing the clock has stopped.' The sun was indeed setting, and the hands of the clock, glittering full in his face, pointed up to noon. Osric however, with a slight lisp, said, the inscription was all the more apt, 'for the hour *would* come to the clock, instead of the clock following the hour.' On which Horatio, taking out his watch, (which he informed us was just then more correct than the sun,) told us that unless we set off home directly we should be late for dinner. That was one way of considering an Inscription."

morals. Not but we can feel the warning whisper too, when Jeremy Taylor tells us that one day the bell shall toll, and it shall be asked, "For whom?" and answered, "For *us*."

Some of these Truisms come home to us also in the shape of old Proverbs, quickened by wit, fancy, rhyme, alliteration, &c. These have been well defined to be "the Wit of one and the Wisdom of many;" and are in some measure therefore historical indexes of the nation that originates or retains them. Our English Proverbs abound with good sense, energy, and courage, as compactly expressed as may be; making them properly enough the ready money of a people more apt to act than talk. "They drive the nail home in discourse," says Ray, "and clench it with the strongest conviction."

A thoughtful Frenchman says that nearly all which expresses any decided opinion has "quelque chose de métrique, ou de mesure." So as even so bare-faced a truism as "Of two evils choose the least," (superfluous reason, and no rhyme at all!) is not without its secret poetic charm. How much vain hesitation has it not cut short!

So that if Cogan and Chapone had not been made poetical by the gods, but only brief—

Sometimes indeed our old friend the Proverb gets too much clipt in his course of circulation: as in the case of that very important business to all Englishmen, a Cold —"STUFF A COLD AND STARVE A FEVER," has been grievously misconstrued, so as to bring on the fever it was meant to prevent.

Certainly Dr. Johnson (who could hit hard too) not only did not always drive the nail home, but made it a nail of wax, which Fuller truly says you can't drive at all. "These sorrowful meditations," the Doctor says of Prince Rasselas, "fastened on his mind; he passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves; and was awakened to more vigorous exertion by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark that 'what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.'"

But perhaps this was a Maid of Honour. If so, however, it proves that Maids of Honour of Rasselas' court did not talk like those of George the Second's. Witness jolly Mary Bellenden's letters to Lady Suffolk.

Swift has a fashionable dialogue almost made up of vulgar adages, which I should have thought the Beaux and Belles left to the Mary Bellendens and Country Squires of his day—

"Grounding their fat faiths on old country proverbs."

Nor do I see any trace of it in the comedies of Congreve, Vanbrugh, &c.[1]

[1] I find in my "Complete Correspondent," which seems begotten by Dr. Johnson on Miss Seward, the following advice about Proverbs. "STYLE. Vulgarity in language is a proof either of a mean education, or of associating with low company. Coarse Proverbial expressions furnish such with their choicest flowers of rhetoric. Instead of saying, 'Necessity compelled,' such an one would say, 'Needs must when the devil drives.' Such vulgar aphorisms ought especially to be rejected as border upon profaneness. A good writer would not say, 'It was all through you it happened,' but 'It happened through your inattention,'" &c.

This elegance of style however does not always mend the matter; as we read in Boswell that Dr. Johnson, having set the company laughing by saying of some lady in the good English so natural to him, "She's good at bottom," tried to make them grave again by, "What's the laugh for? I say the woman is fundamentally good."

The following is one of Punch's jokes; I do not know if true of the author referred to—not true, I should suppose, of the class to which he belongs, (except as regards the foolish and vulgar use of French) —but very true of the Hammersmith education, of which my complete Letter-writer—Correspondent, I mean—is an exponent.

DESULTORY REFLECTIONS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

INIQUITOUS intercourses contaminate proper habits.

One individual may pilfer a quadruped, where another may not cast his eyes over the boundary of a field,

In the absence of the feline race, the mice give themselves up to various pastimes.

Feathered bipeds of advanced age are not to be entrapped with the outer husks of corn.

Erasmus says that the Proverb is "a nonnullis Græcorum," thus defined, λόγος ὠφέλιμος ἐν τῷ βίῳ, ἐν μετρίᾳ παρακρύψει πολὺ τὸ χρήσιμον ἔχων ἐν ἑαυτῷ. The definition, it might seem at first, rather of a Fable, or Parable, than a Proverb. But, beside that the titles of many fables *do* become proverbs—"Fox and Grapes," "Dog in Manger," &c., the title including the whole signification, (like those "Sentences of the Seven,")—so many of our best proverbs *are* little whole fables in themselves; as when we say, "The Fat sow knows not what the Lean one thinks," &c.

We are fantastic, histrionic creatures; having so much of the fool, loving a mixture of the lie, loving to get our fellow-creatures into our scrapes and make them play our parts—the Ass of our dulness, the Fox of our cunning, and so on—in whose several natures those of our Neighbours, as we think, come to a climax. Certainly, swollen Wealth is well enacted by the fat Sow reclining in her sty, as a Dowager in an opera-box, serenely unconscious of all her kindred's leanness without. The phrase

Casualties will take place in the most excellently conducted family circles.

More confectioners than are absolutely necessary are apt to ruin the *potage*.—LENNOX'S *Lacon*.

"rolling in wealth" too suggests the same fable.

Indeed, is not every Metaphor (without which we cannot speak five words) in some sort a Fable—one thing spoken of under the likeness of another? And how easy (if need were) it is to dramatize, for instance, Bacon's figure of discovering the depth, not by looking on the surface ever so long, but beginning to *sound* it!

And are these Fables so fabulous after all? If beasts do not really rise to the level on which we amuse ourselves by putting them, we have an easy way of really sinking to theirs. It is no fable surely that Circe *bodily* transformed the captives of Sensuality into apes, hogs, and goats; as Cunning, Hypocrisy, and Rapacity, graft us with the sharp noses, sidelong eyes, and stealthy gait, of wolves, hyænas, foxes, and serpents; sometimes, as in old fable too, the misfeatures and foul expressions of two baser animal passions—as lust and cunning for instance, with perhaps cruelty beside — conforming man into a double or triple monster, more hideous than any single beast. On the other hand, our more generous dispositions determine outwardly into the large aspect of the lion, or the horse's speaking eye and inspired nostril. "There are innumerable

animals to which man may degrade his image, inward and outward; only a few to which he can properly (and that in the Affections only) level it: but it is an ideal and invisible type to which he must erect it."

"Such kind of parabolical wisdom," says Bacon, "was much more in use in the ancient times, as by the Fables of Æsop, and the brief Sentences of the Seven, and the use of hieroglyphics may appear. And the cause was, for that it was then of necessity to express any point of reason which was more sharp or subtle than the vulgar in that manner, because men in those times wanted both variety of examples and subtlety of conceit; and as Hieroglyphics were before letters, so Parables were before arguments."

We cannot doubt that Christianity itself made way by means of such Parables as never were uttered before or after. Imagine (be it with reverence) that Jeremy Bentham had had the promulgation of it!

And as this figurative teaching was best for simple people, "even now," adds Bacon, "such Parables do retain much life and vigour, because Reason cannot be so sensible, nor example so fit." Next to the Bible parables, I believe John Bunyan remains the most effective preacher, among the poor, to this day.

Nor is it only simple matters for simple people that admit such illustration.[1] Again, Bacon says, "It is a rule that whatsoever science is not consonant to presuppositions must pray in aid of Similitudes." "Neither Philosopher nor Historiographer," says Sir Philip Sidney, "could at the first have entered into the gates of popular judgments, if they had not taken a great Passport of Poetry," which deals so in Similitudes. "For he" (the poet) "doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further."

[1] Fable might be made to exemplify the syllogism, but not to illustrate it. "The Lion swore he would eat all flesh that came in his way. One day he set his paw on a Polecat: the Polecat pleaded that he was small, ill-flavoured, &c.; but the Lion said, 'I have sworn to eat all flesh that came in my way: you are flesh come in my way; therefore I will eat you.'" The syllogism is proved; but the speakers do not illustrate, but obscure it, but because it is a matter of *understanding*, of which no animal but man is the representative. Your Lion, noble beast as he is, is only to be trusted with an Enthymeme. One sees this fault in the Eastern fables. Birds and beasts are made to *reason*, instead of representing the passions and affections they really share with men. This also is the vital fault of Dryden's Hind and Panther.

Who can doubt that Plato wins us to his Wisdom by that skin and body of Poetry in which Sir Philip declares his philosophy is clothed? Not the sententious oracle of one wise man, but evolved dramatically by many like ourselves. The scene opens in Old Athens, which his genius continues for us for ever new; the morning dawns; a breeze from the Ægæan flutters upon our foreheads; the rising sun tips the friezes of the Parthenon, and gradually slants upon the house in whose yet twilight courts gather a company of white-vested, whispering guests, "expecting till that fountain of wisdom," Protagoras, should arise.

Carlyle notices, as one of Goethe's chief gifts, "his emblematic intellect, his never-failing tendency to transform into *shape*, into *life*, the feeling that may dwell in him. Every thing has *form*, has visual existence; the poet's imagination *bodies forth* the forms of things unseen, and his pen turns them into shape." The same is, I believe, remarkable, probably *too* remarkable, in Richter: and is especially characteristic of Carlyle himself, who to a figurative genius, like Goethe's, adds a passion which Goethe either had not or chose to suppress, which brands the truth double-deep. And who can doubt that Bacon, could it possibly have

been his own, would have clothed Bentham's bare argument with cloth of gold?

He says again, "Reasons plainly delivered, and always after one manner, especially with fine and fastidious minds, enter heavily and dully; whereas, if they be varied, and have more life and vigour put into them by these forms and imaginations, they carry a stronger apprehension, and many times win the mind to a resolution." Which, if it be true in any matter, most of all surely in morals, for the most part so old, so trite, and, in this naughty world, so dull. Are not *all* minds grown "fine and fastidious" in these matters, apt to close against any but the most musical voice?

Which also (to join the snake's head and tail of this rambling overgrown Preface) may account, rightly or wrongly, for my rejection of those essayists aforesaid, (who crippled their native genius by a style which has left them "more of the ballast than the sail,") and my adoption of earlier and later writers. Not, as I said before, in copious draughts of their eloquence—and what pages of Bacon and Browne it is far easier to bear than forbear!—but where the writer has gone to the heart of a matter, the centre of the circle, hit the nail on the head and driven it home—Proverb-wise, in fact. For

in proportion as any writer tells the truth, and tells it figuratively or poetically, and yet so as to lie in a nutshell, he cuts up sooner or later into proverbs shorter or longer, and gradually gets down into general circulation.

Some extracts are from note books, where the author's name was forgot; some from the conversation of friends that must alike remain anonymous; and some that glance but lightly at the truth are not without purpose inserted to relieve a book of dogmatic morals. "Durum et durum non faciunt murum."

And now Mountain opens and discovers—

POLONIUS.

DEATH

OF

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Sept. 16. Of epilepsy, aged 72, the Rev. George Crabbe, Vicar of Bredfield, near Woodbridge, eldest son and biographer of the celebrated poet.

He was born Nov. 16, 1785, at Stathern in Leicestershire; educated at Ipswich Grammar School; took his degree in 1807, at Trinity College Cambridge; a year after was ordained deacon, and entered on the curacy of Allington in Lincolnshire, where he continued till 1811, when he went to reside at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, to which Rectory his father had just been presented by the Duke of Rutland.

In 1815 he gave up his duty and took to residing mainly in London, taking various walking excursions through the kingdom. In 1817 he married Caroline Matilda Timbrell, of Trowbridge, and took the curacy of Pucklechurch, in Gloucestershire, where

he continued 18 years. It was in 1832 that, his father dying, and a complete edition of his Poems being called for, Mr. Crabbe contributed the volume containing the Poet's life, one of the most delightful memoirs in the language. In 1834 he was presented by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst to the vicarages of Bredfield and Petistree, in Suffolk, in the former of which he built a parsonage, and continued residing till his death. Of his numerous family five children alone survive him, of whom the eldest son, George, in holy orders, is Rector of Merton, Norfolk, and the second, Thomas, is in Australia; the remaining three are daughters. Besides his father's biography Mr. Crabbe was author of a volume of "Natural Theology," on the plan and in the form of the "Bridgwater Treatises," and of several Theological and Scientific Tracts published independently or in magazines.

To manhood's energy of mind, and great bodily strength, he united the boy's heart; as much a boy at seventy as boys need be at seventeen; as chivalrously hopeful, trustful, ardent, and courageous; as careless of riches, as intolerant of injustice and oppression, as incapable of all that is base, little, and mean. With this heroic temper were joined the errors of that over-much

affection, rashness in judgment and act, liability to sudden and violent emotions, to sudden and sometimes unreasonable like and dislike; and, in defiance of experience and probability, over-confidence — not in himself, for he was almost morbidly self-distrustful—but in the cause he had at heart, that it *must* bring about the result he desired. One of those he was whose hearts, wild, but never going astray, are able only to breathe in the better and nobler elements of humanity.

Under a somewhat old-fashioned acquiescence with indifferent things and people he covered a heart that would have gladly defied death in vindication of any vital truth, often most loudly proclaiming what might most likely compromise himself; a passionate advocate of enquiry and freedom and progress in all ways—civil, religious, and scientific; as passionate a hater of all that would retard or fetter it; and sometimes inclined to defend a dogma *because* bold and new and likely to be assailed. For there was much of the noble and Cervantic humourist in him, beside a certain quaintness of taste, resulting from a simple nature, brought up in simple habits and much country seclusion. And if a boy in feeling, he was a child in expressing his

feelings, especially of enjoyment in little and simple things, which those more pampered by the world mistook for insincere. And whatever his intolerance of *verse*, he was far more the poet's son than he believed, bowing his white head with more than botanic welcome over the flower which reminded him of childhood, and convinced him of the Creator's sympathetic provision for his creatures' sense of beauty; or in some of his long and strong walks, whether in solitary meditation or earnest conversation on the only subject he cared for, stopping to admire some little obscure parish church in which he could discern cathedral proportions, or to lament over some felled oaktrees, by whose however needful fall, he declared the guilty landowner "scandalously misused the globe." For like many magnanimous men he had a passion for great trees and buildings; indeed, an aptitude for architecture, which, if duly cultivated, might have become his real genius.

Not long before his death he left a short paper to be read by his children immediately after it, affirming up to the last period of responsible thought, that he was satisfied with the convictions he had so carefully come to; bidding nobody mourn over one who had lived so long, and on the whole so

happily; and desiring to be buried as simply as he had lived, "in any vacant space on the south side of the churchyard." Thither, accordingly, he was carried, on Tuesday, Sept. 22; and there, attended by many more than were invited, and scarce one but with some funeral crape about him, were it no bigger than that about the soldier's arm, was laid in death among the poor whose friend he had been; while the descending September sun of one of the finest summers in living memory, broke out to fling a farewell beam into the closing grave of as generous a man as he is likely to rise upon again.

CHARLES LAMB,

1775 Born February 10, in Crown Office Row, Middle Temple, where his Father, John Lamb, (Elia's[1] *Lovell*) was confidential Factotum to Samuel Salt, one of the Benchers. John Lamb had two other children; John *(James Elia)* born in 1763, and a clerk in the South Sea House; Mary (*Bridget Elia*) born in 1765.

1782 Charles Lamb sent to Christ's Hospital, where Jem White an officer; and Coleridge, George Dyer, and Le Grice, his school-fellows.

1789 Leaves School.

1792 Made Clerk in the East India House; occasionally meeting Coleridge (from Cambridge) at the "Salutation and Cat," 17, Newgate Street; and by him introduced to Southey,

[1] "Call him *Ellia*." C. L. to Taylor, his publisher.

and Charles Lloyd, all warm with Poetry, Pantisocracy, &c.

1795 Living with paralyzed Father, Mother, aged Aunt, and Sister Mary, on their united means of about £180 a year, at 7, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

1796 At the end of last year, and beginning of this, C. L. for six weeks in a mad-house at Hoxton. Soon after this, his Brother John (who does not live with the Family) is brought home to be nursed by them after an accident which threatened his own mind also. And on September 22, Mary Lamb, worn out with nursing her Family, kills her Mother, beside wounding her Father, in a fit of insanity. Charles wrests the knife from her hand and places her in a Private—he will not hear of a *Public*—Asylum, for so long as his Father survives.

1797 His Father dying, and carrying with him what pension he had from Mr. Salt, Charles takes his sister home, and lives with her on little more than his Clerkship of £100 a year. The old Aunt who lived with them dies at the beginning of the year: and another Aunt (Hetty) who had been taken to

live with a Kinswoman is returned home at the end of it[1] to linger out nearly three years with them. In the meanwhile, Charles visits Coleridge in Somersetshire, where he meets Wordsworth.

1798 Rosamund Gray. Poems by C. Lloyd and C. Lamb published, some of which had been included in a previous volume of Coleridge's, who goes to Germany at Midsummer; up to which time he was Lamb's chief correspondent and adviser. After which,

1799 Correspondence with Southey; toward the end of the year introduction by C. Lloyd to Manning, Mathematical Tutor at Cambridge: who becomes Lamb's most intimate friend and correspondent till his departure for China.

1800 Established with Mary at 16, Mitre Court Buildings.[2] Correspondence with Wordsworth begins.

[1] I find but *one* Aunt named by Lamb's biographers; but the oversight may be mine. Certainly *two* are named as above in Lamb's letters to Coleridge 19, 22; and 29, 34, [Moxon's edition]. [Lamb's Aunt, his father's sister, died 9 Feb. 1797. Hetty, who died 9 May 1800, was probably the old maidservant.]

[2] Before settling here, he had lived at [45] Chapel

1801 "John Woodvil" published. About this time Lamb comes to know Godwin and Hazlitt.

1802 Visit with Mary to Coleridge at Keswick, who, afterward engaging to write for the Morning Post, gets Lamb to jest for it, at £2 2s. a week.

1803 No literary work: punning for the "Post" discontinued.

1804 No *Letter* extant, save one to Southey: but much drink and smoke by night, and depression by day: a condition which, as we know from his own, and his sister's letters, had begun some years before, and lasted some years after.

1806 Manning goes to China. "Mr. H." written in a 3s. per week room, acted at Drury Lane and damned.

1807 Tales from "Shakespeare" by C. and M. Lamb.

1808 "Specimens of Old Dramatists:" "Adventures of Ulysses;" "Mrs. Leicester's School:" and, soon after (1810), "Poetry for Children:" in all which, except the two first, Sister and Brother have a hand.

1809 Removal to 4, Inner Temple Lane,

Street, Pentonville; where he fell in love—for the first and only time—with Hester Savory, the Quaker.

top-story, where the "Wednesday nights."

1817 Removed to [21,] Great Russell Street, corner[1] of Bow Street, (once Will's Coffee House,) by and by taking also a lodging at 14, Kingsland Road, Dalston, to escape from over-much company.

1820 "Elia" begun with London Magazine.

1821 John Lamb dies.

1822 Trip to France with Mary, who, taken ill, is left with a friend at Amiens while Charles runs to Paris, sees Talma, &c. His only visit abroad.

1823 Elia published separately: difference and reconciliation with Southey; and removal from lodgings to Colebrooke (Coln-brook) Cottage, Islington, as householders. During a holiday at Cambridge becomes acquainted with, and finally adopts, Emma Isola, orphan daughter of an Italian refugee and Esquire Bedell there.

[1] [In a letter to Miss Wordsworth in November 1817, Mary Lamb says they are living at a brazier's shop, No. 20, in Russell Street, Covent Garden. According to a London Directory of that year, No. 21, the corner house, was occupied by Thomas Owen, an ironmonger, and No. 20 was apparently a private house.]

1825 Pensioned off by the India House on £450 a year, with a small deduction for Mary in case of her surviving him: as she did for 13 years; dying May 1847.

1827 Removes from Islington to a small house at Enfield Chase, where he had previously lodged from time to time.[1]

1829 His old servant Becky having married and left, and his sister too much worried with housekeeping, they go to lodge and board with Mr. and Mrs. Westwood next door, in Enfield.

1833 To "Bay Cottage," Church Street, Edmonton, to board and lodge with Mr. and Mrs. Walden, under whose care Mary had previously been. Emma Isola marries Moxon the Publisher at Midsummer.

1824 Coleridge dies July 25; and Charles Lamb Dec. 24.[2]

[1] On removing from Islington to Enfield in 1827 Lamb had written to Hood;

"To change habitations is to die with them, and in my time I have died seven deaths. My household deaths have been all periodical, recurring after seven years."

This may include some minor removals; such as more than once in Southampton Buildings, Holborn.

[2] He left £2000—all his Earnings—for his Sister's use.

INTRODUCTION TO READINGS IN CRABBE.

"TALES OF THE HALL," says the Poet's son and biographer, occupied his father during the years 1817, 1818, and were published by John Murray in the following year under the present title, which he suggested, instead of that of "Remembrances," which had been originally proposed.

The plan and nature of the work is thus described by the author himself in a letter written to his old friend, Mary Leadbetter, and dated October 30, 1817:

"I know not how to describe the new, and probably (most probably) the last work I shall publish. Though a village is the scene of meeting between my two principal characters, and gives occasion to other characters and relations in general, yet I no more describe the manners of village inhabitants. My people are of superior classes, though not the most

elevated; and, with a few exceptions, are of educated and cultivated minds and habits. I do not know, on a general view, whether my tragic or lighter Tales, etc., are most in number. Of those equally well executed, the tragic will, I suppose, make the greater impression; but I know not that it requires more attention."

"The plan of the work," says Jeffrey, in a succinct, if not quite exact, epitome—"for it has more of plan and unity than any of Mr. Crabbe's former productions — is abundantly simple. Two brothers, both past middle age, meet together, for the first time since their infancy, in the Hall of their native Parish, which the elder and richer had purchased as a place of retirement for his declining age; and there tell each other their own history, and then that of their guests, neighbours, and acquaintances. The senior is much the richer, and a bachelor—having been a little distasted with the sex by the unlucky result of a very extravagant passion. He is, moreover, rather too reserved, and somewhat Toryish, though with an excellent heart and a powerful understanding. The younger is very sensible also, but more open, social, and talkative; a happy husband and father, with a tendency to Whiggism, and some notion of reform, and a disposition to think well both of men and women. The visit lasts two or three weeks in autumn; and the Tales are told in the after-dinner *têtes-à-têtes* that take place in that

time between the worthy brothers over their bottle.

"The married man, however, wearies at length for his wife and children; and his brother lets him go with more coldness than he had expected. He goes with him a stage on the way; and, inviting him to turn aside a little to look at a new purchase he had made of a sweet farm with a neat mansion, he finds his wife and children comfortably settled there, and all ready to receive them; and speedily discovers that he is, by his brother's bounty, the proprietor of a fair domain within a morning's ride of the Hall, where they may discuss politics, and tell tales any afternoon they may think proper."—*Edinburgh Review*, 1819.

The scene has also changed with Drama and Dramatis Personæ: no longer now the squalid purlieus of old, inhabited by paupers and ruffians, with the sea on one side, and as barren a heath on the other; in place of that, a village with its tidy homesteads and well-to-do tenants, scattered about an ancient Hall, in a well-wooded, well-watered, well-cultivated country, within easy reach of a thriving country town, and

"West of the waves, and just beyond the sound,"

of that old familiar sea, which (with all its

sad associations) the Poet never liked to leave far behind him.[1]

When he wrote the letter above quoted (two years before the publication of his book) he knew not whether his tragic exceeded the lighter stories in quantity, though he supposed they would leave the deeper impression on the reader. In the completed work I find the tragic stories fewer in number, and, to my thinking, assuredly not more impressive than such as are composed of that mingled yarn of grave and gay of which the kind of life he treats of is, I suppose, generally made up. "Nature's sternest Painter" may have mellowed with a prosperous old age, and from a comfortable grand-climacteric, liked to contemplate and represent a brighter aspect of humanity than his earlier life afforded him. Anyhow, he has here selected a subject whose character and circumstance require a lighter touch and shadow less dark than such as he formerly delineated.

[1] "It was, I think, in the summer of 1787, that my father" (then living in the Vale of Belvoir) "was seized, one fine summer's day, with so intense a longing to see the sea, from which he had never before been so long absent, that he mounted his horse, rode alone to the coast of Lincolnshire, sixty miles from his house, dipped in the waves that washed the beach of Aldborough, and returned to Stathern."—(From the Poet's Biography, written by his son.)

Those who now tell their own as well as their neighbours' stories are much of the Poet's own age as well as condition of life, and look back (as he may have looked) with what Sir Walter Scott calls a kind of humorous retrospect over their own lives, cheerfully extending to others the same kindly indulgence which they solicit for themselves. The book, if I mistake not, deals rather with the follies than with the vices of men, with the comedy rather than the tragedy of life. Assuredly there is scarce anything of that brutal or sordid villainy,[1] of which one has more than enough in the Poet's earlier work. And even the more sombre subjects of the book are relieved by the colloquial intercourse of the narrators, which twines about every story, and, letting in occasional glimpses of the country round, encircles them all with something of dramatic unity and interest, insomuch that of all the Poet's works this one alone does not leave a more or less melancholy impression upon me; and, as I am myself more than old enough to love the sunny side of the wall, is on that account, I do not say the best, but certainly that which best I like, of all his numerous offspring.

[1] I think, only one story of the baser sort—"Gretna Green"—a capital, if not agreeable, little drama in which all the characters defeat themselves by the very means they take to deceive others.

Such, however, is not the case, I think, with Crabbe's few readers, who, like Lord Byron, chiefly remember him by the sterner realities of his earlier work. Nay, quite recently Mr. Leslie Stephen in that one of his admirable essays which analyses the Poet's peculiar genius says:

"The more humorous of these performances may be briefly dismissed. Crabbe possesses the faculty, but not in any eminent degree; his hand is a little heavy, and one must remember that Mr. Tovell and his like were of the race who require to have a joke driven into their heads with a sledge-hammer. Once or twice we come upon a sketch which may help to explain Miss Austen's admiration. There is an old maid[1] devoted to china, and rejoicing in stuffed parrots and puppies, who might have been ridiculed by Emma Woodhouse; and a Parson who would have suited the Eltons admirably."

The spinster of the stuffed parrot indicates, I suppose, the heroine of "Procrastination" in another series of tales. But Miss Austen, I think, might also have admired another, although more sensible, spinster in these, who tells of her girlish and only love while living with the grandmother who maintained her gentility in the little town she lived in

[1] [Catherine Lloyd in the Parish Register, part III.]

at the cost of such little economies as "would scarce a parrot keep;" and the story of the romantic friend who, having proved the vanity of human bliss by the supposed death of a young lover, has devoted herself to his memory, insomuch that as she is one fine autumnal day protesting in her garden that, were he to be restored to her in all his youthful beauty, she would renounce the real rather than surrender the ideal Hero awaiting her elsewhere—behold him advancing toward her in the person of a prosperous, portly merchant, who reclaims, and, after some little hesitation on her part, retains her hand.

There is also an old Bachelor whom Miss Austen might have liked to hear recounting the matrimonial attempts which have resulted in the full enjoyment of single blessedness; his father's sarcastic indifference to the first, and the haughty defiance of the mother of the girl he first loved. And when the young lady's untimely death has settled that question, his own indifference to the bride his own mother has provided for him. And when that scheme has failed, and yet another after that, and the Bachelor feels himself secure in the consciousness of more than middle life having come upon him, his being captivated—and jilted—by a country Miss,

toward whom he is so imperceptibly drawn at her father's house that

> "Time after time the maid went out and in,
> Ere love was yet beginning to begin;
> The first awakening proof, the early doubt,
> Rose from observing she went in and out."

Then there is a fair Widow, who, after wearing out one husband with her ruinous tantrums, finds herself all the happier for being denied them by a second. And when he too is dead, and the probationary year of mourning scarce expired, her scarce ambiguous refusal (followed by acceptance) of a third suitor, for whom she is now so gracefully wearing her weeds as to invite a fourth.

If "Love's Delay" be of a graver complexion, is there not some even graceful comedy in "Love's Natural Death"; some broad comedy—too true to be farce—in "William Bailey's" old housekeeper; and up and down the book surely many passages of gayer or graver humour; such as the Squire's satire on his own house and farm; his brother's account of the Vicar, whose daughter he married; the gallery of portraits in the "Cathedral Walk," besides many a shrewd remark so tersely put that I should call them epigram did not Mr. Stephen think the Poet incapable of such; others so covertly implied as to remind one of old

John Murray's remark on Mr. Crabbe's conversation—that he said uncommon things in so common a way as to escape notice, though assuredly not the notice of so shrewd an observer as Mr. Stephen if he cared to listen, or to read?

Nevertheless, with all my own partiality for this book, I must acknowledge that, while it shares with the Poet's other works in his characteristic disregard of form and diction—of all indeed that is now called "Art"—it is yet more chargeable with diffuseness, and even with some inconsistency of character and circumstance, for which the large canvas he had taken to work on, and perhaps some weariness in filling it up, may be in some measure accountable. So that, for one reason or another, but very few of Crabbe's few readers care to encounter the book. And hence this attempt of mine to entice them to it by an abstract, omitting some of the stories, retrenching others, either by excision of some parts, or the reduction of others into as concise prose as would comprehend the substance of much prosaic verse.

Not a very satisfactory sort of medley in any such case; I know not if more or less so where verse and prose are often so near akin. I see, too, that in some cases they

are too patchily intermingled. But I have tried, though not always successfully, to keep them distinct, and to let the Poet run on by himself whenever in his better vein; in two cases—that of the "Widow" and "Love's Natural Death"—without any interruption of my own, though not without large deductions from the author in the former story.

On the other hand, more than as many other stories have shrunk under my hands into seeming disproportion with the Prologue by which the Poet introduces them, insomuch as they might almost as well have been cancelled were it not for carrying their introduction away with them.[1]

And such alterations have occasionally necessitated a change in some initial article or particle connecting two originally separated paragraphs; of which I subjoin a list,[2] as also of a few that have inadvertently crept into the text from the margin of my copy; all, I thought, crossed out before going to press. For any poetaster can amend many a careless expression which blemishes a passage that none but a poet could indite.

[1] As "Richard's Jealousy," "Sir Owen Dale's Revenge," the "Cathedral Walk," in which the Poet's diffuse treatment seemed to me scarcely compensated by the interest of the story.

[2] [Omitted in this reprint.]

I have occasionally transposed the original text, especially when I thought to make the narrative run clearer by so doing. For in that respect, whether from lack or laxity of constructive skill, Crabbe is apt to wander and lose himself and his reader. This was shown especially in some prose novels, which at one time he tried his hand on, and (his son tells us), under good advice, committed to the fire.

I have replaced in the text some readings from the Poet's original MS. quoted in his son's standard edition, several of which appeared to me fresher, terser, and (as so often the case) more apt than the second thought afterward adopted.[1]

Mr. Stephen has said—and surely said well—that, with all its short and long-comings, Crabbe's better work leaves its mark on the reader's mind and memory as only the work of genius can, while so many a more splendid vision of the fancy slips away, leaving scarce a wrack behind. If

[1] A curious instance occurs in that fair Widow's story, when the original

"Would you believe it, Richard, that fair she
Has had three husbands? I repeat it, three!'

is supplanted by the very enigmatical couplet:

"No need of pity, when the gentle dame
Has thrice resign'd and re-assumed her name."

this abiding impression result (as perhaps in the case of Richardson or Wordsworth) from being, as it were, soaked in through the longer process by which the man's peculiar genius works, any abridgement, whether of omission or epitome, will diminish from the effect of the whole. But, on the other hand, it may serve, as I have said, to attract a reader to an original, which, as appears in this case, scarce anybody now cares to venture upon in its integrity.

I feel bound to make all apology for thus dealing with a Poet whose works are ignored, even if his name be known, by the readers and writers of the present generation. "Pope in worsted stockings," he has been called. But, in truth, the comparison, such as it is, scarcely reaches beyond Crabbe's earliest essays. For in "The Village," which first made him popular, he set out with Goldsmith rather than with Pope, though toward a very different object than "Sweet Auburn." And then, after nearly twenty years' silence (a rare interval for a successful author), appeared a volume of "Tales"; and after them the "Parish Register," accompanied with "Sir Eustace Grey," and by-and-by followed by "The Borough": in all of which the style differed as much from that of Pope as the character and scene

they treated of from the Wits and Courtiers of Twickenham and Hampton Court. But all so sharply delineated as to make Lord Byron, according to the comprehensive and comfortable form of decision that is never out of date, pronounce him to be Nature's best, if sternest, painter.

In the present "Tales of the Hall," the poet, as I have said, has in some measure shifted his ground, and Comedy, whose shrewder — not to say more sardonic — element ran through his earlier work, here discovers something of her lighter humour. Not that the Poet's old Tragic power, whether of Terror or Pity, is either absent or abated; as witness the story of "Ruth"; and that of "The Sisters," of whom one, with the simple piety that has held her up against the storm which has overtaken them both, devotes herself to the care of her whom it has bewildered, as she wanders alone in the deepening gloom of evening,

"Or cries at mid-day, 'Then Good-night to all!'"

And to prove how the Poet's landscape hand has not slackened in its cunning, we may accompany the Brothers in their morning ramble to the farm; or Richard on his horse to the neighbouring town; or at a respectful distance observe those two

spinsters conversing in their garden on that so still autumnal day,

> "When the wing'd insect settled in our sight,
> And waited wind to recommence her flight,"

till interrupted by the very substantial apparition of him who ought long ago to have been a Spirit in heaven.

But "Tragedy, Comedy, Pastoral," all that, applauded as it was by contemporary critics and representatives of literature, contributed to make this writer generally read in the first quarter of this century, has left of him to the present generation but the empty echo of a name, unless such as may recall the

> "John Richard William Alexander Dwyer"

of the "Rejected Addresses." Miss Austen, indeed, who is still so much renowned for her representation of genteel humanity, was so unaccountably smitten with Crabbe in his worsted hose, that she playfully declared she would not refuse him for her husband. That Sir Walter Scott, with his wider experience of mankind, could listen to the reading of him when no longer able to hold the book for himself, may pass for little in these days when the Lammermoors and Midlothians are almost as much eclipsed by modern fiction as "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion" by the poetic revelations

which have extinguished Crabbe. Nevertheless, among the many obsolete authorities of yesterday, there is yet one — William Wordsworth — who now rules, where once he was least, among the sacred Brotherhood to which he was exclusive enough in admitting others, and far too honest to make any exception out of compliment to anyone on any occasion; he did, nevertheless, thus write to the Poet's son and biographer in 1834: "Any testimony from me to the merit of your revered father's works would, I feel, be superfluous, if not impertinent. They will last, from their combined merits as poetry and truth, full as long as anything that has been expressed in verse since they first made their appearance" — a period which, be it noted, includes all Wordsworth's own volumes except "Yarrow Revisited," "The Prelude," and "The Borderers." And Wordsworth's living successor to the laurel no less participates with him in his appreciation of their forgotten brother. Almost the last time I met him he was quoting from memory that fine passage in "Delay has Danger," where the late autumn landscape seems to borrow from the conscience-stricken lover who gazes on it the gloom which it reflects upon him; and in the course of further conversation on the subject, Mr.

Tennyson added, "Crabbe has a world of his own;" by virtue of that original genius, I suppose, which is said to entitle, and carry, the possessor to what we call Immortality.

Mr. Mozley, in his "Recollections of Oriel College," has told us that Cardinal Newman was a great reader of Crabbe in those earlier days; and the Cardinal himself, in one of his "Addresses to the Catholics of Dublin," published in 1873, tells us that so he continued to be, and, for one reason, *why*. For in treating of what may be called his Ideal of a University, he speaks of the insufficiency of mere Book-learning toward the making of a Man, as compared with that which the Richard of these "Tales" unconsciously gathered in the sea-faring village where his Boyhood passed; and where—not from Books (of which he had scarce more than a Fisherman's cottage supplied), but from the Seamen on the shore, and the solitary Shepherds on the heath, and a pious mother at home—"he contrived to fashion a philosophy and poetry of his own;" which, followed as it was by an active life on land and sea, made of him the Man whom his more educated and prosperous brother contemplated with mingled self-regret and pride. And the poem in which this is told

is considered by Cardinal Newman as, "whether for conception or execution, one of the most touching in our language," which having read "on its first publication with extreme delight," and again, thirty years after, with even more emotion, and yet again, twenty years after *that*, with undiminished interest: he concludes by saying that "a work which can please in youth and age seems to fulfil (in logical language) the *accidental* definition of a classic."

For a notice of this passage (which may be read at large in Cardinal Newman's sixth Discourse delivered to the Catholics of Dublin, p. 150, Edit. 1873) I am indebted to Mr. Leslie Stephen, against whom I ventured to break a lance, and who has thus supplied me with one that recoils upon myself for having mutilated a poem which so great an authority looks on as so perfect.

[*June*, 1883.]

ON RED BOXES.

SUPPLEMENT BY THE AUTHOR.

(*From the fly-leaf at the end of a copy of "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," given me by FitzGerald. The fly-leaf at the beginning has a drawing by Thackeray. Sir Arthur Helps usually travelled with a red box.*)

It is good for a Counsellor to be attended on his travels with a Red Box, which may be carried with him in his Coach, and after him, as he alights, into his chamber. The eyes of men will follow him with the greater reverence. A Red Box is as it were a Star Chamber in small: a closed Court of High Commissions. It should not be so light as that men should conclude that the Counsellor had few and slight matters to engage his privacy: nor so large as to leave room for supposing that he cannot stir a step without the assistance of multiplied documents. It

should be carried with tolerable ease by one man. But by all means let there be a Red Box of some size, though it be filled with a shirt, or household bills. Men must have a mystery: and to see the Counsellor after general solace and conversation withdraw to his chamber—men think—"He goes to his papers again till ever so late, and up to it again ever so early"—He who first made a Box did much: he who invented a lock did more: but he who invented the oblong Red Box did more than all. For that includes a secret in the mechanism of Human Nature. There is a mystery in the figure which is suitable to State matters, which are commonly of diverse bearings and drawn out further in one direction than another. The square and the circle are too perfect shapes, where many interests of men are involved: and the rhomb would disclaim all order whatsoever. The triangle might indeed be well: but that hath been already bestowed upon the carriage of the cocked Hat. Therefore the Oblong remains, the special property, and as it were, Conscience of Counsellors. And Red hath been long noted as the trumpet colour of Authority.

OCCASIONAL VERSES

Through the kindness of the late Mr. Thomas Allen I was enabled to recover the missing stanzas about Clora referred to in the Letters of Edward FitzGerald, i. 19, and with them some other verses by the same pen, hitherto unknown to me. Of these I printed privately twenty-five copies in February 1891.

TO A LADY SINGING.

Canst thou, my Clora, declare,
After thy sweet song dieth
Into the wild summer air,
Whither it falleth or flieth?
Soon would my answer be noted,
Wert thou but sage as sweet throated.

Melody, dying away,
  Into the dark sky closes,
Like the good soul from her clay
  Like the fair odor of roses:
Therefore thou now art behind it,
But thou shalt follow, and find it.

Nothing can utterly die;
  Music, aloft upspringing,
Turns to pure atoms of sky
  Each golden note of thy singing:
And that to which morning did listen
At eve in a Rainbow may glisten.

Beauty, when laid in the grave,
  Feedeth the lily beside her,
Therefore the soul cannot have
  Station or honour denied her;
She will not better her essence,
But wear a crown in God's presence.

[ON ANNE ALLEN.[1]]

I

The wind blew keenly from the Western sea,
And drove the dead leaves slanting from the tree—
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
Heaping them up before her Father's door
When I saw her whom I shall see no more—
We cannot bribe thee, Death.

2

She went abroad the falling leaves among,
She saw the merry season fade, and sung
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
Freely she wandered in the leafless wood,
And said that all was fresh, and fair, and good,
She knew thee not, O Death.

3

She bound her shining hair across her brow,
She went into the garden fading now;
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
And if one sighed to think that it was sere,
She smiled to think that it would bloom next year:
She feared thee not, O Death.

[1] See Letters, i. 72. She died in the autumn of 1833, the year after FitzGerald had seen her at Tenby.

4

Blooming she came back to the cheerful room
With all the fairer flowers yet in bloom,
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
A fragrant knot for each of us she tied,
And placed the fairest at her Father's side—
She cannot charm thee, Death.

5

Her pleasant smile spread sunshine upon all;
We heard her sweet clear laughter in the Hall;—
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
We heard her sometimes after evening prayer,
As she went singing softly up the stair—
No voice can charm thee, Death.

6

Where is the pleasant smile, the laughter kind,
That made sweet music of the winter wind?
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
Idly they gaze upon her empty place,
Her kiss hath faded from her Father's face;—
She is with thee, O Death.

[TO A VIOLET.]

Fair violet! sweet saint!
Answer us—Whither art thou gone?
Ever thou wert so still, and faint,
And fearing to be look'd upon.
We cannot say that one hath died,
Who wont to live so unespied,
But crept away unto a stiller spot,
Where men may stir the grass, and find thee not.

THE END

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